

CHRISTIAN HERALD

DECEMBER 1939

★ TWENTY FIVE CENTS ★



CHRISTMAS PORTRAIT GALLERY

By Winifred Kirkland

• RICHARD MAXWELL • HONORÉ MORROW • GEORGE GILBERT

San Francisco Theological Seminary
Library of Theology
1270
1970



Merry Christmas .. Friend!

CAN you realize what it must mean to be forgotten and hungry on Christmas—Christ's birthday? Can you appreciate how much it would mean to have a friendly hand held out to you in hearty welcome—to be greeted by the voice of a friend, even though not an old acquaintance—to be made welcome at a Christmas Party given for just such lonely men?

LET us hold out our hand for you to some fellow out of luck and far from home—let us say MERRY CHRISTMAS to men who have nothing, not even a home. Celebrate Christ's Birthday in the manner He would spend the day were He on earth—feeding the hungry and making happy the poor in spirit. YOU will have a happier day knowing that some young or old man far from home on this important day is being cared for and among friends in a Christian Mission.

The Bowery is no place to spend Christmas—it's a drab, sad street but you would be surprised how the Mission's Chapel and Dining Hall can make its guests forget the drabness that is just outside. The Chapel looks like a country church all decorated with Christmas greens; the Christmas tree and the pile of gaily wrapped packages proclaim it a party and a day of celebration.

He who has sympathy and understanding for all men would appreciate our guests' childish pleasure in the mysterious-looking packages that await their opening; if you could stand by as each man is given his gift, you would find yourself fighting to keep back the tears of sympathy for

these men of tragedy.

Let there be a nicely wrapped Christmas package under our tree from you to one who needs your gift for the physical and spiritual comfort it will give. Anything a man wears will be appropriate and serviceable. **BRING CHRISTMAS TO THE HOMELESS ON THIS DESOLATE STREET—THE BOWERY:** we can have as many guests as your contributions make it possible for us to invite—

HOW MANY DINNERS WILL YOU BUY?

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BUSINESS OFFICE, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

\$..... enclosed will make Christmas really His Birthday. We are sending a gift package direct to Charles St. John at the Mission: 227 Bowery, New York City.

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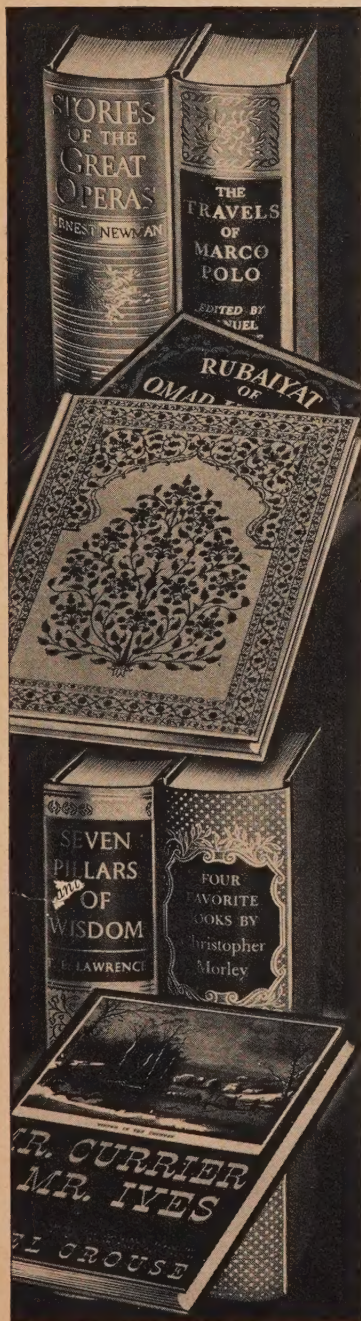
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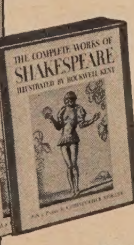
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Selected Programs on December Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Standard Time]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWKY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

8:00 A.M. Today in Europe. European news (through Sat.)—CBS.
9:30 A.M. The Family Man. Friendly, homely philosophy—RED.
11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Wm. L. Stidger—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—BLUE.
3:45 P.M. Between the Bookends. Ted Malone discusses books—BLUE.
4:45 P.M. Smiling Ed McConnell, songs and talk, through Fri.—CBS.
5:30 P.M. Affairs of Anthony. Character building drama for children—BLUE.
5:30 P.M. Jack Armstrong. All-American boy serial—RED.
6:05 P.M. Edwin C. Hill, human side of news—through Fri.—CBS.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—BLUE.
8:55 P.M. News by Elmer Davis—CBS.
11:05 P.M. Events in Europe, analyzed by John Gunther, Hugh Gibson and Baukhage (except Wed.)—RED.

SUNDAYS

9:00 A.M. Today in Europe. European news—CBS.
9:15 A.M. Outdoors with Bob Edge. Nature studies—CBS.
9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Negro spirituals—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Interdenominational services—CBS.
10:00 A.M. The Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.
10:30 A.M. March of Games. Children's quiz show—CBS.
10:45 A.M. Smiling Ed McConnell, jovial singing philosopher—BLUE.
11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals—BLUE.
12:00 noon Vernon Crane's Story Book. Whimsical tales for young and old—RED.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. On Your Job. Vocational guidance program—RED.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Pilgrimage of Poetry, honoring American poets—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. NBC String Symphony. Frank Black—RED.
2:00 P.M. Democracy in Action. How our government works—CBS.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
2:30 P.M. So You Think You Know Music. Quiz on music—CBS.
3:00 P.M. New York Philharmonic Orchestra—CBS.
3:45 P.M. Chats About Dogs. Bob Becker, news of dogdom—RED.
4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatization program under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
5:30 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air—BLUE.
7:00 P.M. The War This Week. News broadcast—CBS.
7:15 P.M. War News From Berlin—BLUE.
7:30 P.M. Mr. District Attorney. Serial exposing rackets—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. The Ford Sunday Evening Hour—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music—RED.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspiration talks with music—BLUE.
11:00 P.M. News by Paul Sullivan—CBS.

MONDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Religion and the New World. Dr. Joseph Sizoo—RED.
2:00 P.M. Adventure in Reading. Discussion of authors—RED.
2:30 P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra, Guy Fraser Harrison conducting—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, directed by Joe Emerson—RED.
3:45 P.M. Richard Maxwell, tenor-philosopher—CBS.
4:30 P.M. Adventures in Science. Developments in the world of science—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Kaltenborn Edits the News. Commentary on world events—CBS.
7:15 P.M. Science on the March. F. R. Moulton—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Tune-Up Time. Andre Kostelanetz orchestra—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks; symphonic orchestra—RED.
9:00 P.M. Doctor I. Q. Studio audience participation series—RED.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contended program. Orchestra, soloists—RED.
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall, for lovers of good music—CBS.

TUESDAYS

12:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell—RED.
2:30 P.M. Gallant American Women. Contributions which women have made to the culture of America—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
8:00 P.M. Big Town. Exposing corrupt city activities—CBS.
8:00 P.M. The World's Greatest Stories. Adaptations of classics—RED.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Program designed to stump the experts—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. We, The People. Gabriel Heatter interviews unusual personalities—CBS.
9:30 P.M. Meet Edward Weeks. Editor of Atlantic Monthly explores world of letters with guest speakers—BLUE.

WEDNESDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. New Horizons, from American Museum of Natural History—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Homespun. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—RED.
1:30 P.M. Let's Talk It Over, with June Hynd—RED.
2:00 P.M. Music for Young Listeners. Good music for children—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. Highways to Health. Lessons in physical fitness—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Fisk Jubilee Choir; concert orchestra—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Dr. Christian, with Jean Hersholt—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall, for lovers of good music—CBS.

THURSDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air—CBS.
12:00 noon Southernaires. Negro spirituals. Also Fri. 12:15—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Timeless Truths Made Timely. Dr. Christopher Jeffares McCombe—RED.
1:30 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Guest Speakers—RED.
2:00 P.M. Ideas that Came True. Development of American ideas and ideals—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
4:30 P.M. Medicine in the News. The latest events in medicine—BLUE.
7:30 P.M. Vox Pop. Interviews with the man in the street—CBS.
8:00 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatic sketch—RED.
8:00 P.M. Ask-it-Basket. Jim McWilliams' quiz program—CBS.
8:00 P.M. Don't Forget. Tests on ability to remember—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Jose Iturbi—BLUE.
9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Americans at Work. Interviews with workers in every field of activity—CBS.

FRIDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. "This Living World"—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Opportunity. Dr. Daniel A. Poling—RED.
1:45 P.M. General Federation of Women's Clubs, consumer's program—RED.
2:00 P.M. Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. Men Behind the Stars, in cooperation with Hayden Planetarium—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Torch of Progress. Story of man's development—RED.
7:30 P.M. Professor Quiz, with Bob Trout—CBS.
7:45 P.M. Magic Waves. History and behavior of electrons—RED.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—Lucille Manners, soprano, Frank Black—RED.
10:30 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger, in cooperation with American Historical Association—RED.

SATURDAYS

9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell, tenor-philosopher—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Bull Session. College student discussion—CBS.
10:45 A.M. Child Groups Up. Talks by Katherine Lenroot—BLUE.
11:00 A.M. New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts—CBS.
11:30 A.M. Hilda Hope, M.D. The life of a woman doctor—RED.
12:00 noon Milestones in the History of Music—RED.
12:30 P.M. Call to Youth. Dr. Alfred Grant Walton—RED.
1:00 P.M. What Price America. Story of our natural resources—CBS.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—RED.
2:00 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Matinees—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter Van Kirk—RED.
6:30 P.M. What's Art to Me, in cooperation with the Museum of Modern Art—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Art for Your Sake. Public service program—RED.
10:00 P.M. Toscanini Symphony concerts—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Arch Oboler's Plays. Original dramas—RED.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

CHRISTMAS programs are in formative stages only, at both major broadcasting companies; and war in Europe will "blackout" many of the traditional international radio observances. Preparation for scores of special Yuletide programs, however, is under way and is expected to include pickups from Bethlehem, France, England and Italy; impressive religious services; opera broadcasts; dramas; community sings, and numerous other holiday salutes from home and abroad. It is probable that both President Roosevelt and King George VI will extend their Christmas greetings via radio, and that the simple ceremony which has come to be symbolic of Christmas radio celebration—the singing of "Silent Night, Holy Night" by Kirsten Flagstad—will be heard again this year, while the chimes of historic Trinity Church in New York City will ring out to the nation at midnight, in greeting of Christmas Day.

THE Metropolitan Opera's famous Saturday matinee operas will return to NBC-Blue Network for the ninth consecutive season, Sat., Dec. 2, to be offered as a regular weekly sustaining feature. (2:00 P.M., EST.)

AMERICA'S Town Meeting of the Air, well known public service feature, is to become an integral part of the rehabilitation programs of all Federal penitentiaries. Already in use at the Atlanta Federal institution, and heard for a long time in city and state prisons throughout the country, an attempt is being made to introduce the program on a nationwide scale in Federal prisons; to use it as an educational factor at Leavenworth, Lewisburg, Alcatraz and McNeil's Island.



MARGARET SANGSTERS'S PAGE

An Angel Host Appeared

CROWDED close together upon a bleak hillside, just beyond Bethlehem, a group of shepherds guarded their flocks and wondered when the gates of dawn would open and another period of waiting would be over. They did not realize that the first Christmas Eve was different from any other wintry night—they had no way of knowing that below them in the little sleeping town a miracle was taking place. Chilled by the wind, haunted by the dual fear of prowling beasts and robbers, they kept awake by sheer force of will, and tried to comfort themselves with thoughts of home and glowing hearth fires and fragrant food. And then, just as the night had reached its middle distance, a great star lit the sky with sudden radiance and the hillside became a sea of molten silver and even the humble sheep were glorified. And then—singing an anthem which was to echo around the world and across the centuries—an angel host appeared to the shepherds and gave them tidings of great joy.

Often, in both the Old and New Testament, we read of such heavenly encounters. Angels had a way of visiting humble persons—just as they did upon the first Christmas Eve. Sometimes a tired traveler would raise his eyes and, through the dusk of evening, would see an angel coming toward him. Sometimes a city, besieged and forlorn, would have the siege made bearable by these messengers of God. On the morn of Easter Day, the two Marys—walking through a garden—held speech with an angel robed in white.

In Bible times people were completely at their ease when angels became visible to them. Maybe it was because they were simpler and less bound by tradition than we are today. Perhaps, many centuries ago, sophistication was an unknown quality as well as an unknown word—perhaps minds and hearts were more attuned to beauty and more ready to accept it than they are now. Perhaps—if we could think more clearly and serenely, and could believe more utterly—we would be more often aware of the nearness of something winged and gentle and touched with divinity.

Upon countless occasions, when a silence

has fallen over a thronged room, I have heard someone laugh and say, "What time is it? If it's twenty minutes before or after the hour, there must be an angel going by!" I do not know where or how the superstition arose—perhaps some of you who read this article may be able to tell me—but I do know that the tenderness of the thought has a way of stirring the heart and capturing the imagination. Invariably after such a moment of silence, I have heard bitter arguments diminish and have seen anger fade out of faces. An angel's passing—even when it is greeted with a light laugh—will always bring tolerance and calm to those who are in the vicinity of the angel!

Sometimes, when I have been quite alone, I have felt the presence of an angel. Once in a hospital corridor, when a dear one lay dying, I could almost hear the merciful flutter of wings. At another time and in another hospital I was again conscious of that swift movement—and a moment later a nurse came to tell me a new soul had been born. . . . During periods of grief or grave doubt, when for no obvious reason the burden was lifted, I have experienced a sensation that I could neither classify nor describe—that I could only accept with gratitude. When I have struggled with disillusionment—struggled, as I thought, fruitlessly—I have been permitted to glimpse something so lovely that I have known a wealth of emotion and have felt my dreams come alive. The something lovely may have been only a tree dressed in the colors of autumn, or a sunset sky, or a springtime flower or the smile upon a dear face, but it has brought the angels within reach!

All modern angels are not invisible. Some of them come to us in tangible form and in everyday dress. Not long ago I saw a dear surgeon do a blood transfusion which gave strength back to a man who was entering the valley of the shadow, and the surgeon's hands were the hands of an angel! I have—at countless times—seen mothers watching their children with eyes that mirrored an angel's shining wistfulness. I have seen babies—tiny babies are closer to heaven, perhaps, than anybody else!—who were angels in the flesh.

We never know when angel hosts
May sing their ageless story—
We never know when Bethlehem's star
May fill the sky with glory.
Perhaps upon some city street
Or in some country lane,
The fluttering of angel wings
May ease our souls of pain.

For still they come, these angel hosts,
And still their anthem sounds
Across the calm of quiet fields
And over battlegrounds.
Oh, if all hearts could only hear
Their blessed voices when
They carol—"To this sad earth, peace—
Peace and good will to men!"



Wise judges who step into a crisis and do the gallant thing, pastors who say the word that straightens out some mental or spiritual kink, teachers who set young feet upon the right path—they are angels come to earth. So are the faithful servants who unquestioningly perform the tasks we give them. So are some writers and some artists—especially the ones who have been able to translate God's inspiration through the medium of a pen or brush.

It has never been recorded that the shepherds were alarmed or even startled by the appearance of that angelic host on that first Christmas Eve. Though they fell upon their knees in rapture, they were able to take in every spoken word; not one of them missed the significance of the triumphant message. When the angels had departed they rose and made their way, without hesitation or fear, down to Bethlehem.

Oh, friends of mine, when angels visit us, we should receive them as the shepherds did. We should kneel and listen and then—with our hearts uplifted and our souls at peace—we should make our way to the stable that has become a shrine.



My Letter . . .

My letter of the month is the shortest letter I have ever published. It is a very small girl's letter to Santa Claus, and it holds a moral for us all. Here is the letter:

"Dear Santa—

This is just to say thank you in advance, for I have made up my mind to like whatever you bring me!

Betty Lou"



Sells 19 Features In Six Months

"I have sold, up to date, nineteen features to the Detroit Free Press and have been made their correspondent here," writes Mrs. Leonard Sanders of 218 Union St., Milford, Mich., on completing the N.I.A. course. Her skilful handling of feature stories was the reason given by the editor for her appointment. Mrs. Sanders' first feature was sold less than four months after she enrolled with N.I.A.

How do you KNOW you can't WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never* will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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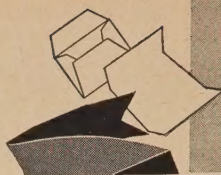
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B4 DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

LINDBERGH'S SPEECH

What do you think of Colonel Lindbergh's recent speech and his suggestion that Canada leave the British Empire?

I THINK that the speech suggests at least that Colonel Lindbergh is a great aviator!

Certainly it is not a pro-English or a pro-French speech. I am sure that Colonel Lindbergh did not desire that it be regarded as a pro-German speech, but it is not to be wondered at that Canada so regards it.

Colonel Lindbergh has overlooked the fact that Canada is not a colony of Britain, but a sovereign nation, desiring to remain within the British Empire. Speeches of this character are not effective "keep us out of war" speeches.

WHY GO TO CHURCH?

My vacation convinces me I can worship God in truth and not go to church. I have really had a happier time in the open and I believe a more worshipful time than had I been in church. Then why should I go to church?

WHAT right do you have to live in a community with a church, enjoying the benefits and blessings for which the church is responsible if you do not attend and support the church?

Certainly we can worship God in the open and we should, but this is not enough.

THOSE "LITTLE INNOCENTS"

I wish that some specialist would tell me why children, just before they do the naughtiest things, look the most innocent. Is this heredity, environment, or just human nature?

WELL, it may be either/or—and is very likely something of each and all! Instinctively the child, as the adult, seeks to cover up an offense, and thus to escape the "reward" of the overt act. At any rate, the one asking the question may be thankful that the effort is a failure! The child doesn't get away with it—nor does the adult. "Be sure your sin will find you out!"

"What a sweet, innocent look your darling has!" said the visitor. "Mary! Mary!" called the mother, "what are you up to now?"

THE FLAG OF THE CHURCH

Do you not think that it would be a fine thing to have the flag of the Church, with the flag of our country, flown from the front or top of every church building in America? It is most impressive, I think, to have these flags at the front of the sanctuary, but it would be equally impressive, and a message to millions more, were these emblems—the one of our Christian faith and the other of our citizenship—displayed on the outside of our churches.

THIS question represents my own strong feeling. I do wish the flag of the Church and the flag of our country might be flown before every church edifice in America. It would be a glorious sight and a challenge to us all.

JOIN NOW

How long after I have earnestly sought to live the Christian life should I wait before uniting with the Christian Church? Is there any special time?

YOU should not wait! You should not wait at all. If you have given your heart to Christ, your life to His leadership, and are trying to live the Christian life, then you should unite with the Christian Church. I urge you to make the contact with a church at once, that you see the pastor of a church. You should not wait.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S ACTIVITIES

Do you not think that Mrs. Roosevelt disregards her high place by so constantly appearing in public, by her broadcasts for money and her daily column in the newspapers?

NO. I think she properly regards her high place. I do not agree with all she writes. I have disagreed almost violently with some things she has said! But she is a great woman, a great human; and she speaks for human freedom, for social progress, and for the righteousness that

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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OUR BOOK REVIEWS

Who reads the books you review in Christian Herald, and who writes the reviews you sign?

I READ them, I write them and I sign them. Yes—all of them. Some of them I put aside for a second reading after the reviewer's work is done.

PRAY FOR THE PRESIDENT

Our pastor prays publicly for the President of the United States. I so thoroughly disagree with the President that it rather irks me to hear the pastor pray for him the way that he does. Do you agree with the President?

I DO not agree with all the President's policies—perhaps, with the majority of them I disagree. I pray for him for the same reason I pray for you, for the same reason I pray for myself. I pray for the President of the United States because he needs prayer. I pray for the President of the United States because it is enjoined upon us in the scriptures to pray for "all rulers." I pray for the President of the United States quite beyond and above all personalities. I pray for him because he is the President!

FALLING FROM GRACE

Dr. Poling, do you believe the theological doctrine of once in grace always in grace—that is, that a man having accepted Jesus Christ once can never be lost?

I BELIEVE that the grace of God, as revealed in Jesus Christ and released through the life, the death and the resurrection of Jesus Christ is altogether sufficient—sufficient for every man, for every woman.

I also believe that it is possible for us to defeat the will of God in our own lives and to set His purposes at naught. We never reach a Christian experience, nor do we reach ever a state in grace, from which it is not possible for us to fall.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
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WHY EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE THREE KINDS OF MONEY



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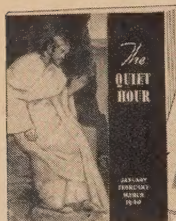
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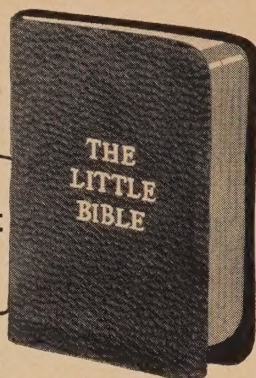
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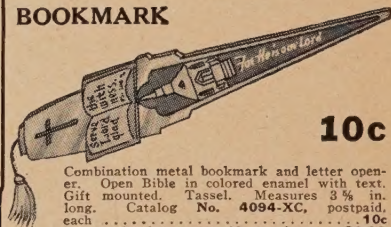
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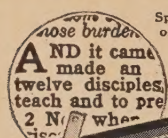
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News Digest of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

A B R O A D

THE WAR: The Hessians came up Bunker Hill in bright red coats and close-packed ranks—a perfect shot! The Six Hundred rode en masse into the red jaws of death at Balaklava and Pickett charged at Gettysburg—all very gallant and all completely wasted. And probably never again will any of us living see anything like that. War just isn't like this any more, especially the present "war" in Europe.

What was hailed weeks ago as World War II has settled down to a military minuet; John O'Donnell of the *New York Daily News* writes home: "The war is a washout." (He speaks of the Western Front, not of Scapa Flow.) And he speaks truth. Aside from a few personally conducted rides in bounding tanks, the correspondents haven't seen enough action to justify their pay checks. War isn't what it used to be; the old days of "Attaque, attaque, toujours l'attaque" (which almost destroyed the French in World War I) are gone and gone for good. No Pickett's Charge, no Balaklava. Just waiting.

There has been no action, that is, save the withdrawal of the French from the German territory they have taken since September 3rd; territory that cost them almost nothing. Notice that we say withdrawal and not retreat; militarily speaking, there is a great deal of difference between those two words. A retreat is not voluntary; a withdrawal is a voluntary falling-back to a better position. The French stepped back in perfect waltz-time, slaughtering the oncoming Germans in quick-time. Of some 100,000 Germans, the Poilus estimate they killed five thousand. And the Germans advanced not one foot into French territory.

That German refusal to carry the war into France was undoubtedly more political than military—a gesture to win France from her alliance with England. Germany needs friends—even French friends, if she can get them. Among all the nations of the world Herr Hitler has not one sincere friend to count on. Italy, Japan, Spain and Hungary have turned against him, and Turkey; and who can trust Russia, now? So Hitler stalls. Furthermore, he dare not take a chance on pitched battle; if his army should be defeated in the West, he is certainly done. So he waits for one of those unpredictable inspirations that have luckily guided his star aright up to now.

France and England will love to play that waiting game on the Western Front.

They can afford to wait; as a matter of fact, they will fight this war by waiting and not by fighting, unless Hitler forces them into battle. They can lose two men and two ships to Germany's one, and still win. And if they can win that way—well, why not? It's a higgledy-piggledy war, but there's some sense in it.

Don't look for much mass action between the Moselle and the Rhine until the winter's over. Already the rains have begun to fall, and troop movements are slowing down. They'll sit it out till spring.

It is around the edges of the Western-front arena that the real action will take place, is already taking place; the pitifully inadequate reports of raids in No-man's Land were completely swamped by the news of the sinking of the *Royal Oak* in Scapa Flow. The admiral of the World War German fleet that surrendered and scuttled itself in Scapa Flow in 1919 congratulated the submarine commander who sank the *Royal Oak*: "I am happy that I have been allowed to live to experience the revenge." Revenge it certainly was; it will go down in history as a sea-fighter's fairy tale. Worming in through mine fields, wire nets, destroyers, "electric eye" detectors, searchlights, booms and barriers, Commander Prien sank the British fighter in one of the best-protected and hardest-to-get-at naval bases in the world. Jubilation in Berlin knows no bounds; neither do British wonder and anger.

The truth is that this sinking means no more to development in naval warfare than Corrigan's crazy jump to Ireland meant to aviation; it was daring and it succeeded, but the success of it must be put down to the fact that somebody slept at Scapa. There was a let-down somewhere in British alertness, a lack of co-ordination between the air and water arms of the King's navy. Chances are that it will not happen again. Germany will doubtless try it again, for her whole hope lies in breaking that strangling British blockade. Watch Scapa Flow for a winter of spasmodic air raids.

Other sinkings by German subs are too numerous to be mentioned here; you know that story, anyway. There is one aspect of this submarine warfare, however, that needs more than scant attention: German subs are reported surrendering on the high seas or in enemy or neutral ports, without a fight. Why? Fuel shortage, and inability to get back to their refueling bases. A submarine can't go on forever; it can't stay under forever; and when it does come up, things happen.

More effective than the submarines, say the Germans, will be the pocket-battleship cruisers now loose on the Atlantic. That remains to be seen; the pocket-ship hasn't had a fair test yet, though it has done enough damage to British shipping in a few short weeks to make John Bull worry a bit. He is said to have just three ships in the water fast enough to catch a "pocket," and mounting guns big enough to sink one. It all depends on how many of these vest-pocket dreadnaughts manage to get out to open sea.

The *City of Flint* sailed across the war-horizon last month, hiding the *Athenia*. At first it looked like a serious "incident": just such an incident as brought America into the War of 1917. An American ship seized on the high seas, and taken as a prize to Russia by a German crew! That used to mean fight, in any man's language. But not now. . . .

The United States Government moved slowly, and for good reason. First of all, the *City of Flint* was carrying probable contraband of war in battle waters; second, the Germans had a perfect right to seize her, if she was carrying contraband; third, the status of Russia called for caution. Is Russia a belligerent, or is she not?

The diplomatic representatives of the three countries involved are still arguing as we go to print, but we venture to predict that America will not go to war over the Flint. The only error made here was in taking the American crew prisoners to a neutral (?) port.

Later, the *Flint* was released to the Nazi, who, attempting to sail her home, made the fatal mistake of putting into a Norwegian port. The Norsemen promptly seized the Nazi crew, and released the Americans, so the "incident" closed.

THE NEUTRALS: Best news of the month for the Allies, worst news for Germany, came from Ankara, capital of Turkey, 1600 miles removed from the Rhine-Moselle Front. At Ankara, almost twenty-five years to the day since Turkey entered the World War as an ally of Germany, a treaty was signed throwing a new Turkey into the arms of the French and the English—when and if.

The treaty leaves conditions: it provides that all three nations were to help each other if war comes down to the Mediterranean, and that the Turk will aid Tommy and Pierre in protecting the neutrality of Greece and Rumania if such neutrality be threatened. But the main condition lies in the provision that Turkey will *not*



"Any news this morning, Heinrich?"
 "Nein, the English bombers haven't
 dropped their leaflets yet today."

be asked or expected to help the Allies in event of war with Russia. Which leaves the door open for Moscow on something more than a crack.

Back of the treaty is the inevitable network of intrigue, diplomats' scheming, threat, promise, and offer of an immediate huge credit to Turkey. The Turks were also influenced by the fact that there is an army of 50,000 French in nearby Syria, and 60,000 British troops in nearby Palestine. Which means that Turkey would not be left stranded, as Poland was left, should war come to the Dardanelles. To the British and French went the certainty that the Dardanelles would be kept open should Rumania be attacked, and that the Suez Canal is not likely to be attacked at all. To all Europe, it meant a further localization of the war.

THE NORDIC NEUTRALS: Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland saw four of their leaders put their hearts and their hands together last month. On a balcony of the Royal Palace in Stockholm stood President Kallio of Finland (one-sixth of his people have fled from their homes), Kings Gustav V of Sweden, Haakon VII of Norway, and Christian X of Denmark. They linked arms there while the crowd below them sang the grand old hymn of (German) Martin Luther: "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." Seventeen people fainted and thousands wept.

There was no weeping when the four leaders got down to business around their council table. Bluntly, Kallio asked the three kings just what they intended to do in case Russia moved on Finland. Their answer is hardly clear to a waiting world. Finland was advised to yield a bit and then stand. She should let Russia have certain small islands near Leningrad, she should not let Russia have certain other islands (the large Aland group) near Stockholm, and she should at all costs resist a Russian attempt to make Finland a vassal of Russia, either in a commercial

or a military sense. No armed support was promised anyone.

Yet there are signs that they will stand together if the blow falls. These Nordics have much in common: a people much alike in customs and characteristics, a great common danger, four flags identically alike except for a difference in color arrangements. The official greeter of the visiting kings and President put it well when he said, "Any wound made on any nation of our group would always be an open wound for all." The Swedes of Stockholm, however, were talking in gloomy undertones as the conference adjourned and the kings departed; a common Swedish wise crack is: "We shall soon know whether we Swedes are to be Germans or Russians."

TELLING TOKYO: Ordinarily a quiet-spoken, friendly sort of man with a host of admirers in the ruling circles of Japan, Ambassador Joseph C. Grew last month spoke his mind in such a straightforward, fearless way that official Tokyo went into a spell of jitters. Guest speaker at a luncheon of the American-Japan Society, Grew told a glittering audience of diplomats, big business men, Army and Navy officials that the people of the United States resented deeply the roughshod riding of the Japanese army in China over long-established American rights. He saw no chance of improved Japanese-American relations until that was stopped.

For that America clapped—and official Japan went into a huddle. Before they had even told the Japanese people what it was the Ambassador said (they haven't told them all of it, yet), a blast was issued for the benefit of the Tokyo common man, saying that "Not only Americans but Anglo-Saxons generally are an arrogant, self-centered, dogmatic, unreflecting lot." That was calculated to stop any little revolutionary thoughts that might have crept into the minds of the home-bound Japanese who are paying and paying for a war

that seems to be getting nowhere.

We doubt that the blast will stop it. The great effect of Grew's speech, whether he planned it that way or not, is that it will prompt a general demand upon the Japanese government to tell the people what the Ambassador was talking about. Lincoln had it right: you can't fool all the people all the time. And blunt Joseph Grew, with his thousands of friends in Japan and his wide knowledge of things and manners Japanese, has done more to rouse the real victims of the Japanese imbroglio than any other man of his generation. Look for the touch-off of fireworks in Tokyo.

INDIA: Your editor was in India a few months ago; there he heard, over and over again, the statement that "There will be trouble in India when the war gets under way in Europe." Last week brought ominous warnings of that trouble, in Britain's most restless sector. Mahatma Gandhi's India National Congress Party asked Britain just what Britain intended to do, with India: was Britain planning to give her Dominion status?

Yes, replied Governor General Lord Linlithgow, Dominion status was certainly an aim of Britain in India—*after the war*. Meanwhile, India was advised to "strive after agreement among themselves" as a required prelude to dominionization. And that, say some in India, is all but impossible. India is divided between Mohammedans and Hindus, and never have the twain managed to meet.

The India National Congress Party now looks to the nine provincial governments it controls to start the trouble-ball rolling. Dissatisfied with the answer of the Governor-General, holding that it is the same old evasive policy of "divide and rule," they have already sent out their first orders. Procedure seems to be to have the nine provinces first protest against the Linlithgow statement, then resign. After that, another campaign of civil disobedience.

India can do as much to upset England, in some quarters, as Hitler can. Millions of Indian radicals have been waiting for this, and they are convinced their hour has struck. Other millions will hesitate to strike at England at such an hour. The contest, then, will be not between a united India and Great Britain but between the Indians themselves. They are still divided, and hence still ruled by Whitehall.

ROME: While Mussolini avoids the War, the Pope plunges into it—with an encyclical. Last week the most recent Papal utterance was mailed abroad to thousands of Bishops and broadcast over the Vatican radio; it stamps the present Pope with the same marks as his predecessors—he is a Pope of Peace.

Pius XI wrote his first circular letter to his Bishops on "The Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ." Pius XII follows suit, regrets a war waged "despite all our efforts to prevent it," calls the war a denial of God on the part of arrogant authorities who assume "that absolute autonomy which belongs exclusively to the Supreme Maker." He concludes with a plea for an ending of hostilities and a peace "animated by justice and equality to all."

This Pope, like his two predecessors,

will probably die heartbroken over the spectacle of a world at war. Pius XII has an added heart-break; he calls upon the world to sympathize with Poland, lost now to the Roman Church, but which, hopes Pius XII, only "awaits the hour of resurrection."

It was a noble utterance, but it seems a small voice in a great storm.

PARIS: One of the many deep impressions one always brings out of Paris is the impression of the strength of the French Communism. What they call democracy in France must correctly be called Communistic democracy; in no other country in Europe, save Russia, are the Marxians more powerful.

So the news that the Communist party in France has been dissolved and all French Communistic papers and periodicals banned will come as something of a shock. Thirty-seven Communist deputies are now in jail; they were hustled into jail by the simple device of proroguing Parliament, which ended their immunity to arrest as members of that body. It has been done in the interests of "the safety of the state," and it means that one of the strongest parties in the country will lie absolutely dormant until the war is over.

AT HOME

WASHINGTON: It took the United States Senate twenty-five days, 117 hours and 19 minutes of debate in which were spoken a total of something like 1,088,000 words, to pass the Pittman neutrality resolution. That resolution, if it be passed by the House (considering it as we write) will lift the arms embargo, ban American travel and shipping in war zones, and put munitions sales on a cash-and-carry basis.

While the House is said to be ready to pass the bill as early as this week, it will not, even when written into the law of the land, cure all our neutral difficulties. What it will do will be to restore our neutral policy to a better and more reasonable basis, conformable with the principles of international law. Its passage will enable us to deal in a more realistic manner with the problems that always bother a neutral.

This opens the arms market to the American manufacturer. That is an international business, and what that business means or will mean, on a cash-carry basis, was shown last week in a report issued by the State Department on munitions exports for the month of September. Because of the embargo, export licenses covering munitions valued at \$78,908,525.33 were revoked. Of this total France accounted for \$58,418,113.81 and Britain for \$14,877,086.52. Germany's share came to \$49—for rifles and revolvers!

Lifting the embargo, then, will aid the Allies and hurt Germany. The recent Presidential declaration that submarines would be prohibited from our coastal waters, while armed surface-ships would find a more hearty welcome, will work the same way. Both measures tell anyone interested that the sympathies of this democracy are plainly with the democracies of Europe. It may be the President's way of aiding the Allies and at the

same time keeping us clear of armed participation in the war.

KUHN, BROWDER: Handcuffed to a dope peddler, Comrade Earl Browder, leader of the Communist forces in the United States, this week stepped in a patrol wagon and rode off to a night's rest (?) in New York's House of Detention. Down in Washington a nervous, fidgety Fritz Kuhn sparred with the Dies Committee and then hustled back to Manhattan to help his lawyers draw up his defense on charges of embezzlement. It looks like bars for both.

There will be sympathy expressed for both Comrade Browder and Fuehrer Kuhn; the socialite who bailed Browder out of jail did it, according to reports, on "principle." But there is another principle involved here. In Browder's case it is the principle of deceit and misrepresentation: he traveled abroad on forged passports, and admitted it. In Kuhn's case it is a principle of the misuse of funds, if the charges against him prove to be true. Greater than these charges, however, is this: both these men seem to be agents of foreign governments, sowing in America and in the shadow of the American flag doctrines that are un-American and destructive to the best this country stands for.

Browder was an agent for the Soviet Union in China in 1927; his former wife was an OGPU agent in Europe. Kuhn is an agent of the Nazi party in Berlin; he participated in the beer-hall putsch and he came here, as Dorothy Thompson has it, "to promote the interests of his master."

Actively engaged now in industrial and military espionage, what would they be engaged in if we got into the war? And why should two such leaders be left free to sow such seeds as these in one of the few countries left in the world that will even let them live within its borders?

1940: Secretary Wallace tells San Francisco reporters that the war situation demanded a third term for F. D. R.; swiftly, and from the White House itself, Press Secretary Stephen T. Early issues a rebuke to Mr. Secretary Wallace: "It would have been kind and polite of the speaker to have consulted the victim before he spoke." But the "victim" spoke up not at all as to whether he would choose to run or hibernate at Hyde Park. So the third term remains our No. 1 American enigma.

Other Democrats are working quietly behind the scenes. Watch McNutt and Wheeler. McNutt, behind the furores of the neutrality storm, has been quietly strengthening his position, making a good record as Security Administrator. Senator Wheeler is popular with the Garner faction, with the C. I. O. and with the New Dealers. If that isn't artistry, what is? He almost announced his candidacy last week in a speech at home-town Hudson, (Mass.), but thought better of it. He will do it when the war excitement has died down.

Among the Republicans, watch McNary of Oregon, a man with one of the sharpest minds in the U. S. Senate and with a rising Presidential stock. At the moment he says he is more interested in justice for the farmer than in votes for President,

but McNary Clubs are being formed all over Oregon, and that says a lot.

OFF AGAIN: Admiral Byrd is ready to sail again; his first ship is scheduled to slip out of Boston next week. His second, Byrd's old *Bear of Oakland*, will up-anchor sometime before December first.

Byrd himself, with the majority of his party, will stay Down Under until May 1941, testing minerals, exploring some 1500 miles of shore line, mapping land, directing scientific research and holding weather observations. But aside from this, there is another motive in the long trek to the icepacks. To stall off any foreign expeditions (Germany planned one last spring) Byrd will leave a group of men in the South in yearly shifts, to consolidate America's claims on a basis of colonization.

CHURCH NEWS

STAYING OUT: Last month we had a paragraph in this column headed "Slipping In," in which we considered the danger of the Church in time of war. This month we happily change our tune, at least insofar as the American churches are concerned. As we read the news releases we are more and more impressed with the glad truth that never in the history of this nation have the churches been so opposed to all war in general or so determined to stay out of any war as they are to stay out of this one. Kirby Page, who once did a fine piece of research on the attitude of American ministers in the first World War, reports, after a national tour, that there is a "tremendous improvement" in the ministerial attitude since then.

The headlines bear him out: "Long Island Clergymen Condemn Circulation of Hate Propaganda"; "Southern California Interdenominational School of Missions



ALFRED M. LANDON, FORMER CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

What he says:

"You and I profess to be church members. We assert that we believe in religion. If our religion means anything to us, let's start using it in a practical and a decisive way before it is taken away from us."

Asks Ban on War Films"; "Southern Church Leaders Endorse Neutrality Revision"; "Religious Press Warned of Threats To Freedom (By Lewis O. Hartman, editor, *Zion's Herald*)"; "Jewish Press Urges Stay-Out-Of-War Policy"; and a lot more. . . .

The International Convention of the Disciples of Christ has issued a strong "Eleven-Point Program" for the churches in wartime; Dr. Knubel, Lutheran leader, has issued an encyclical urging the necessity of complete neutrality which should be read by every churchman in Christendom; Presbyteries, Conferences, Synods, Women's Church Societies, Missionary Societies, Youth Societies, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews—all are taking as firm a stand as the American Church has ever taken, in the interests of "staying out."

The religious forces of the country have not been caught napping, as they were in 1917. And it will take something more than thinly-veiled propaganda to sweep the Church of God in America into the horror of World War II.

LUTHERANS: Of all Protestant communions, the Lutherans probably embrace the greatest number of racial groups; they are an ecclesiastical League of Nations, and they must deal carefully, wisely, in order not to offend. They steer between Scylla and Charybdis, racially and religiously, year in and year out. All the more reason, then, for admiring them when they issue a statement, through their National Lutheran Council, holding bluntly that "Today . . . particularly in this hour of crisis, we Lutherans in America must never permit our judgments to be colored or distorted by our nationalistic origins. Wherever we were born, we are now Americans. The protection of the State is given us here, and here our loyalties are due." Well done!

A Jewish Rabbi, J. Gerson Brenner, of Philadelphia's Logan Community Synagogue, has been unanimously elected an honorary member of the Men's Association of All Saint's Lutheran Church. This is the response of the men of All Saints to Rabbi Brenner's work in the promotion of Jewish-Christian understanding and good will. Also well done, Lutherans!

INCLUSIVE: "Methodist I was born, Methodist I will die" . . . that used to be one trite expression of the old denominational adhesiveness which forbade crossing of the sectarian line. Born into a denomination, we usually stayed there until death us did part. Those days are over now; sectarian lines mean less and less. We are becoming more inclusive, less exclusive. Witness the case of young Rev. Edward M. Cadigan, as example.

Mr. Cadigan was born a Methodist. He has two brothers who are Episcopalian ministers. Called to a charge under the United Church of Canada, in Saskatchewan, he ran into difficulties when the superintendent of the United Church district desired that he be ordained. Ordination was refused him because he had obtained no academic degree. The Methodist Church offered to give him deacon's orders, but that wouldn't permit him to administer all the ordinances of the church. Then in stepped Dr. Finis Idelman of the Central Church of Disciples

of Christ in New York, who saw to it that the young man was ordained.

He was ordained by the historic method of "laying on of hands" . . . on his head were laid the hands of ministers Presbyterian, Congregational, Disciple, Episcopalian. If that isn't an ecclesiastical League of Nations, what is? And if it isn't a good sign, then we can't read the signs of the times.

EPISCOPALIANS: The Episcopalians are celebrating the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the Book of Common Prayer. There is something impressive about that, as there is about the Book.



DR. FRANCIS CARTER WOOD, DIRECTOR, CROCKER INSTITUTE FOR CANCER RESEARCH, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

What he says:

"At present, about 30 per cent of those with cancer who enter our hospitals are cured by one method or another."

Not only is the Book of Common Prayer a link that binds the present-day Episcopalian to the fathers of his Church who worshiped in the early days of Old England, but it is a joy to read purely for its lyrical beauty. Derived from the first English Prayer Book issued on January 21, 1549, it has been subjected to only minor revisions since its adoption by the American Church in 1789. It remains a sacred inheritance, and we trust the Episcopalians will guard it well. It might well be read in every Church in Protestantism, as a great record of spiritual experience and expression.

An Episcopal Pacifist Fellowship has been formed in the Church, listing nearly 200 religious pacifists and headed by Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts. Its aim: to represent one hundred per cent pacifism and to stand unreservedly behind the cause of the conscientious objector. And the General Convention may be asked by the Federal Council to petition the Congress of the United States to object to the registration of conscientious objectors. The Congress has been considering such a measure, behind the scenes, for a long time, and a word from such a body as General Convention

might do a lot to stop it.

Bishop Wilson of Wisconsin has proposed a Presbyterian-Episcopal Dual Membership Plan which has whipped up keen interest in the long-discussed merger of the two communions. The plan proposes that Presbyterians be enabled to acquire full membership in the Episcopal Church in the usual way of confirmation and the clergy by subsequent ordination to the diaconate and the priesthood. Bishop Wilson feels that the plan can do much toward laying the preliminary ground-work for unity; he also feels that unity is possible without either Church "trimming its sails for the sake of the other." His plan is, in effect, a sort of "halfway reunion." It will bear watching.

NEW SECRETARY: The American Bible Society announces the appointment of a new General Secretary to succeed the well-known Dr. George William Brown, who has resigned. The new official is the Rev. Frederick W. Cropp, D.D., a native of Ohio and a graduate of the College of Wooster, and Princeton Theological Seminary.

The new Secretary is probably as well known, already, as his able predecessor. He has the enviable record of having served but one church, a ten-year pastorate at the historic First Presbyterian Church of Wheeling, West Virginia. He has been Moderator of the Presbytery of Wheeling and twice Vice-Moderator of the Synod of West Virginia and a highly successful leader of youth conferences for the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church. He established himself quickly as a civic and religious leader in his city; for his services during the recent Ohio River floods, he was given the Distinguished Service Award by his fellow citizens.

PICKETS AND PIETY: The recent two-fisted declaration of New York's two-fisted Mayor La Guardia, to the effect that "picketing of God" would not be tolerated in his town, has brought a series of queries to this editor.

The picketing threat was instigated by the Christian Mobilizers, a pro-Coughlin organization. Rev. Paul B. Ward, editor of *Wisdom*, a Paulist publication, was understood to have been told that unless he retracted a statement in his publication, a mass picket-line would be thrown around the Roman Catholic Church of St. Paul.

We have a lot of faith in the Mayor. It is worthy of note that he, an Episcopalian, took up the cudgels of religious liberty when a Roman Catholic Church was threatened.

HERE AND THERE: Presbyterians in the U.S.A. have raised \$4,864,250 toward their \$10,000,000 Sesquicentennial Fund for Christian Education . . . American Unitarian Association plans a thorough study of all existing social legislation . . . Michigan's Governor has outlawed bingo . . . The National Conference of Church-Related Colleges, including 350 Roman Catholic and Protestant colleges, launches a series of radio programs dealing with the relation of democracy to religion and education . . . The President of Tuskegee credits clergy with invaluable aid in reducing number of lynchings in entire South in first six months of 1939 to three.

TEMPERANCE

INVALUABLE MANUAL: Worth its weight in gold to all Temperance workers and students is the booklet "Alcohol—Its Physiological and Psychological Effects and Their Social Consequences," compiled by a Registered Nurse of New York City. This remarkable little pamphlet is a veritable pocket encyclopedia of Temperance material and facts about alcohol and all its works. The price is only fifteen cents (plus postage) for single copies; quantities may be had at a much smaller rate. Order from Mary Lewis Reed, R. N., 463 Fourth Ave., Room 902, New York City.

MORALS: This word "temperance" covers a lot of things besides booze. It covers coffee, cards, clams—and literature. At least the Methodist Board of Temperance says it concerns literature, and the Board is especially concerned about some of the pornographic literature that "decorates" our newsstands.

The Board is recommending that Congress pass a federal law covering the mailing of such literature "so as to permit the prosecution of offenders at the point where the prohibited matter is delivered as well as at the point where it is deposited in the mails." In doing that the Board holds up the arm of the U. S. Post Office Department, which for years has asked that the present law be amended in order to stop the filthy flood at just that point.

We're for it.

FROM OL' KAINTECK: Lest you think Kentucky is hopelessly wet because it happens to be a distiller-state, ponder this: The Louisville Conference of the Methodist Church will present to the Methodist General Conference at Atlantic City (next May) a resolution asking for a Constitutional amendment that would give the Federal Government monopolistic control of the nation's alcohol manufacture and traffic. The resolution, drawn by a Bowling Green attorney, will be the rallying-point of the campaign for Temperance in Louisville, as well as making the trip to Atlantic City. Good luck, Louisville.

PROFIT, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE: There is one paragraph in the recent speech of Senator Johnson of Colorado, in re Radio Liquor Advertising, that will bear repeating. Says the Senator: "In the United States on January 1, 1939, there were 764 radio stations on the air . . . The total amount invested in these stations was approximately fifty million dollars; but the investment of the listening public amounted to fifty times that figure, or two and a half billion dollars. The gross income upon the fifty million dollar investment last year was \$135,000,000. In view of these figures, who is there to say that the public financial interest, since it is fifty times the private financial interest, should not be protected?"

TWO HUNDRED FEET: A decision just handed down by the Kentucky Court of Appeals might stand some study by the country's lawyers. It has to do with churches and saloons.

Liquor and beer dispensaries may not be located within 200 feet of a church or other place of worship, says the Court.

PEOPLE

WATCH WINSTON CHURCHILL: If the war goes badly against Britain even for a while, and Chamberlain is forced to resign, then Churchill has an A-1 chance of becoming Prime Minister. He should be a great one.

Stranger than fiction is his career. Born of an American mother, he was sent to swanky Harrow, where he was the dunce of his class. Graduated, he became a war

correspondent in Spain, fought in India, got himself captured by the Boers in the Boer War, escaped from their prison and returned home. In 1912 he was enough of a prophet to write: "We must fight Germany." It was he who ordered the British fleet into position to bottle up the German fleet, a week before the War broke; it was he who was responsible for the development of the tank.

He lost an election to a prohibitionist in 1922, won two years later. He has written nineteen books. He admires Napoleon, has a bust of the Corsican on his desk. Sharp tongued, he calls Neville Chamberlain "that undertaker from Birmingham." Stanley Baldwin, he says, was once wiser than he is now: "He used to take my advice!" Watch him.



Our Debt to Old Bohemia

"MY grandfather would have got a big kick out of this!" Frank Cermak ran a caressing finger along a transformer insulator, ready for the kiln. "He was a skilled pottery maker in Bohemia—turned out beautiful urns and vases. But he never tackled a job like this. It's about the biggest we've done."

Frank Cermak, head of the G-E Porcelain Department, isn't afraid of big jobs. His family have been skilled porcelain craftsmen for generations. His father, back in 1891, organized the department that Frank now manages. And Frank's son, too, is following the family tradition.

Ancient skills, passed on from father to son for generations, still

play a part in modern industry. Porcelain craftsmen, for instance, produce insulators which make possible the transmission of electricity from the powerhouse to homes and factories, where it serves you in a thousand different ways.

In General Electric are hundreds of men who, like Frank Cermak, are applying their special skills to the task of making electricity more useful and less expensive. These experts—scientists, engineers, skilled workmen—are helping to provide you with the comforts and conveniences that electricity makes possible. They, too, are devoting their lives to the creation of More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
INCORPORATED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



These be my gifts. Oh, magnify them Lord,
Until they shine like diamonds in the light:
The clear illumination of Thy Word,
The kindness like a lamp within the night;
The eager hand that reaches out and lifts,
Accept them Lord, they are my only gifts.

December
1939



CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



The Christmas Portrait Gallery

By Winifred Kirkland

THE gallery is open every Christmas to all who wish to enter. At first, as the imagination pictures this gallery, it appears lost in the stretching midnight pastures where it is set. Far to one side lies huddled a little Oriental village with a few lights still awake in its slitted windows. Overhead there glows, ever more clear and blue as one gazes, an arch of sky that shuts in the little chapel gallery and its surrounding landscape like the walls of an inverted cup, shielding the spot from any wider view of the world beyond. Slowly the blue sky is pricked by white star-points, growing ever brighter and brighter. Now and then on the dark rolling surface of the upland a form stirs, that of some

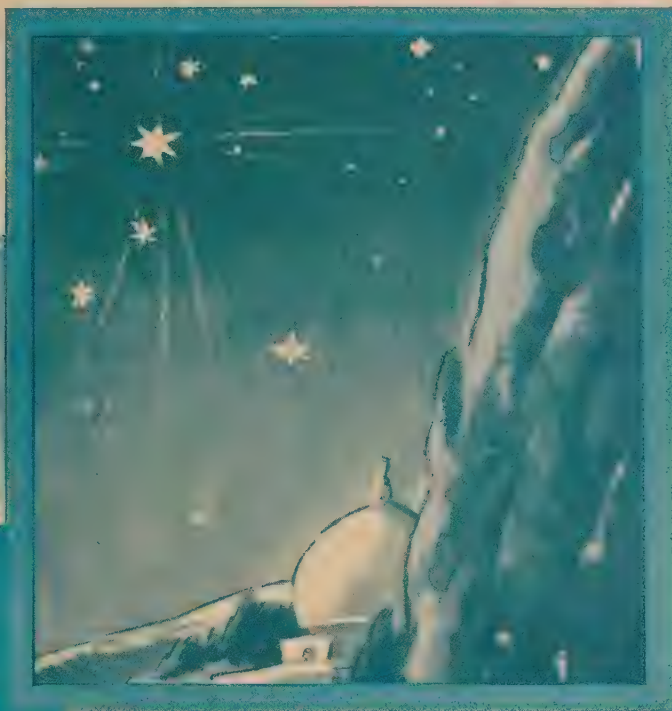
like a shrine amid the wintry landscape.

The visitor to the Christmas gallery is saved from all encroachment of the far-off outer world so heavily familiar to him. In that distant world he knows that there are nations that tremble with fear of the murder being plotted in each other's minds, of the bombs prepared to fall on each other's fair cities, of the destruction everywhere poised and ready to strike. Even in the long-ago period when the artist who painted the Christmas pictures was still alive, the unseen world beyond the sheltering reaches of Bethlehem's sky and fields was lurid with oncoming war, and trembling with mounting hatred; yet Luke portrayed serenely for all time the faces shown in that small glad gallery still

watching shepherd among a drowsy group. Or one becomes aware of the multitudinous movement of a flock of sheep. Or in the hush one hears a sharp bleat instantly reassured by the herdsman's comforting words. It is a silent, waiting scene, where the Christmas portrait gallery is set

to be visited in each returning December, a tiny imperishable shrine still secure amid the shadowy upland pastures of old Judea.

Once every year the looming door swings wide to the visitors that one by one have come stealing across Bethlehem's dim fields to enter that glowing room hung with pictures never by anyone to be forgotten. Actually the gallery appears more like a portico than a room, like a sacred passage leading to some cathedral, not yet completed, or like the holy preface preparing for some book not yet finished. Although on every Christmas the gallery is crowded, each visitor who steps within feels himself instantly surrounded by a holy hush that makes him feel alone. Alone he gazes up at each shining picture looking down at him from the walls. Each face, radiantly clear one after another, as very slowly he passes, gazing thoughtfully up at each, has been familiar to him from babyhood. It was as children that all guests of the gallery first stepped from the midnight dusk outside to enter that shining space. Children are even yet more open to the sacred import of the Christmas portraits than are grown-ups, and the painter of these pictures was himself child-hearted before God, and so could believe God's miracles. Each entering visitor can remember his childhood impressions, the faces, one after one on the walls, all turned toward the central



picture, painted in the great arched niche in the gallery-end, across from the entrance. This picture is so bright that a little child often can recall only its shining, like a great light arranged to irradiate all the gallery, and to throw its beams out on the midnight countryside beyond, and even to gleam on the unguessed reaches of the dark world surrounding Bethlehem's small glad area of beauty. Some of the grown-up guests of the Christmas gallery can even recall that as children they were instructed to search for a faint gold script on the dim stone beneath the high central painting. Some people can remember that the teacher who was leading them, as little ones, through the gallery, said to them, "The man who painted all these pictures was named Luke, and this faint golden writing here in the shadow is his own name for his gallery."

The long rectangle is somewhat like the nave of a narrow cathedral. Its walls consist of a series of arches, separated and supported by broad flat pillars. On these flat surfaces the glowing pictures are frescoed. The arches are open to the midnight and to the march of the stars across the blue. The wide outdoor spaces are quieting to the mind and eyes, as one turns from studying the pictured faces to the stillness of the skies beyond them.

The first face, on the left as one enters, is pale and delicately lined, like parchment heavily overwritten, as if with hope long deferred and now dying—the turbaned face of an aging Hebrew priest. His tall shadowy form in its long bordered robe stands before an altar, and the thin mist of incense smoke eddies between the priest and the spectator. The priest is all alone before the altar, although one has the sense of a waiting crowd of worshipers whose prayers he is directing. The uplifted profile reveals a faint, but growing disillusionment. Then, in the picture, the misting incense is whipped aside, and at the right of the altar a shining form towers, reflected in the incredulous and astounded eyes of the priest. We know the words of Gabriel, "Feel no alarm, Zechariah. Thy persistent prayer has been heard at last, and thine aging wife shall bear thee a son who shall become the herald of the Christ."

We see the flickering disbelief, we recall the eternal words of all doubters, "But how shall I know?"

The answering words of the majestic angel fill the holy place; "Because thou hast doubted God, He will give thee the proof thou demandest. Thou shalt go forth from this place dumb throughout all the months of thy son's approach."

On the wall-space next beyond the broad arch of starry sky, there is a matching delineation of the same priest, now subtly purified by nine months' conviction of miracle. The old man's arms now hold his only son, the tiny new-born herald-to-be. A shining text from the anthem, bursting forth from a tongue at last released, is written on the dusky space above this picture, "And thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Most High."

The next scene many an artist has tried to copy, but Luke remains its supreme portrayer. We behold the uplifted face of a Hebrew girl, very young, in all its utter wondering readiness toward God. Because of that strange waiting reverence, God has again sent forth His Gabriel to announce



It was Luke who first painted the sacred word-picture

a birth-to-be. In her still, happy room, Gabriel takes sudden radiant shape as if drawn to Mary's sight out of the focused sunshine of the morning. But Mary does not say, "How shall I know?" Her parted lips, a child's in their instant acceptance of miracle, ask only, "How shall the will of God become manifest in me, His handmaid?"

Three months of raptured expectation is written on Mary's face in Luke's next representation of her, there on the stretching gallery wall, where the artist's purpose is becoming increasingly clear. We find ourselves gazing into an open doorway where two women are greeting each other in ecstatic sympathy before the wonder of life being revealed within them. One woman's face is old, but like an ancient lamp it reflects the hope so long deferred, but never doubted, and now at last fulfilled. From the glory of that opened door rings down to us forever Elizabeth's recognition, "Hail, Mary," as her arms enfold the girl, her young kinswoman so long familiar to her love, but now standing before her rapt with mysterious exaltation. In Luke's twofold portrait, one sees Elizabeth, an old woman in a shadowed doorway, holding outstretched hands, which, most gently, Mary has put aside, as she faces forward to the rolling Judean hills spread before her. Her eyes seem filled with flooding dawn light, radi-

ance too beautiful for any words, but melting as if light merged with music into a psalm of deathless motherhood, "My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

As one steps on down the sacred gallery toward that increasing radiance at the end, one pauses before a stretching space of blue midnight. The visitor hardly knows whether it is another of the arched open spaces into actual out-of-doors or whether it is another picture in the frescoed series. Nor does the visitor to the Christmas gallery quite know as he stands there whether his attention is more alert to the pictured heaven above the watching uplands, or to the music suddenly flooding earth from those bursting skies. The gazer becomes one with the drowsing shepherds Luke's artist hand has drawn upon the shadowy undulating plain; he sees their startled stirring upright, and the sudden shifting of the forms of sheep. Then out of the wakeful mystery all about them, once again there appears an angel messenger, announcing a miracle of birth. Once again the human shudder before the unaccustomed is gently reassured: "Fear not, for I am bringing news of gladness to all the people of earth. In his own city an heir has just been born to David, the forgotten king. Ye shall recognize the Child by the chosen lowliness of His entrance into life, for ye shall see a little swaddled baby lying in a cattle trough."

Now the gazer on the picture feels his eyes irresistibly drawn to the sky above the group of trembling shepherds. It is a sky snapped asunder by down-pouring glory, so that one beholds tier upon tier of shining angels all together singing, "Glory, glory to God in His Heaven, and to the men of earth, peace!"

There is only one picture intervening before the representation of a stable cave. It shows the shepherds throwing aside their sheepskin coats and rushing, stumbling, hurrying, through the star-picketed midnight across the plain to Bethlehem. Of the next picture there are a hundred copies reproduced every Christmas, to be seen in home after home, and in the children's chapels all over the land. Possibly of all sacred pictures it is the one most familiar to us all. But it is Luke who first painted the sacred word-picture,—the picture of a baby God lying in a straw-

this picture between them Joseph stands across from Mary. The fact of incomprehensible mystery shadows the brooding eyes of each portrait. Joseph, a stalwart man, whose shoulders have just begun to sag with age, whose strong hands reveal the skilled muscles of a carpenter, stands with head slightly bent forward, as if he felt himself before a rising temple not built with hands. One firm hand is half extended as if it knew it was to hold a child's, and guide that Child's first faltering steps along the paths of earth.

Mary—it is Mary still in years a girl, but a Mary now become a woman made wise by bearing beneath her heart nine months of soaring hope, stabbed now and then by fear. It is a Mary still spent with her first travail. It is a Mary still startled by the wonder tales of shepherd visitors, a Mary still awed by gazing at the small strange being who has somehow

wearing away of the years. Simeon's face and hair are white, his tall form sways like an aspen. Daily frequenting the Temple, he has been keeping an unbroken watch, for an inner voice has always day by day been speaking to him, "Thou shalt not pass from earth, Simeon, until thine eyes have looked upon God's Christ." In baby-face after baby-face of all the uncounted first-born sons, each there brought as an offering unto God, Simeon has ceaselessly searched to see whether he might discern the infant Deliverer-to-be. Simeon has been forever haunting the Temple steps. Many of the parents who come presenting first-born sons are high-born and rich. But it is to a lowly, work-worn pair that the voice within Simeon at last directs him. Instantly he recognizes the little Christ, and taking Him securely into his arms, which are feeble with age, he lifts his eyes above the child-form to God, and in a voice quivering but exultant he speaks, "Now at last, O God of my faith, thou dost permit me, thy servant, to go forth from earth into thy peace."

Then from her small chamber within the recesses of the Temple, a little room of constant prayer, there comes plodding a bent old woman, frail as a spirit with her many, many years—Anna, the prophetess. As she sees the little Child in Simeon's arms, she straightens with youth briefly flooding back, and looking about on the small crowd that has gathered around the newcomers, she speaks, first thanking God. Then addressing the crowd, she points to the baby: "Behold him for whom we have all been waiting. This little one is the Christ born to all the world."

Simeon and Anna are but tiny figures below that greater radiance depicted above them, but beyond Mary and Joseph on the farther walls the painter has enlarged the two to full size, so that their faces can be forever seen looking toward that destined light, faces so thin and worn, so purified by death gently approaching, that every Christmas one goes back to be refreshed by the vision and the peace engraved on those two silvery old faces starry with welcome to the new-born Christ.

Still today the little Christmas gallery is an enduring shrine far away on Bethlehem's starlit plain. Still today we may visit it, everyone of us, at Christmas time. As if under some strange spell decreed by God, Luke's Christmas gallery is girt still with sacred stillness, unassailable by any bombs. Still today every face of Luke's portraits is seen alight with deathless expectation, unsullied by any doubt of ultimate victory for the Man long ago born in a stable cave. Zechariah, Elizabeth, Mary, Joseph, Simeon, Anna, they were all humble people who, believing in the Promised Deliverer, were permitted to perceive Him when He came, humble like themselves.

Luke, too, the painter of the Christmas portrait gallery, he, too, was humble like the people he painted, hopeful, indomitably confident. For Luke, even while he was painting our Christmas portraits, was witness to a far world beyond Bethlehem's enfolding peace, beyond Bethlehem's holy promise—a black world of blood and war. Luke had known his dearest friend (Continued on page 62.)



The world's great masters have strived to equal Luke's word pictures of the Christmas drama but none has matched His inspiring scenes

filled manger. The yellow stable-straw of the manger, as one stands gazing, seems to turn into long gold rays of holy light. In the streaming radiance the shepherds are seen kneeling, and a tenderly comic little gray donkey nuzzles toward the radiant baby. The shifting heads of cattle take shape in the background shadows. There are two other figures kneeling, one on each side of the manger, their faces turned from us as they gaze upon the manger-baby given into their care, figures of a man and a woman. In the two portraits on the wall-spaces just beyond the cave-scene of Bethlehem, the artist has imagined for himself the hidden faces turned about and looking down the long ages into ours.

Between these two portrait figures, standing and lifesize, the visitor's eyes behold the radiant end-picture of the whole group, the shining presentation that fills all the wall opposite the entrance. With

come mysteriously into life through the gates of her own flesh. It is a Mary beginning to know before she has so much as seen or heard of the Temple prophet, the truth of Simeon's words yet to be spoken to her listening soul above her baby's head, "Yea, through him a dagger shall stab thine own soul."

Dimly in all the glowing life and color of the end-picture, one perceives four figures—small in perspective, beneath that high central form. All four can be seen to be standing, small and faintly to be discerned, on the climbing steps of a temple. Mary and Joseph are again drawn with their backs toward us—two country wayfarers from a distant upland village, in their worn rustic dress. The other two, facing us from the Temple step are also man and woman, but drawn here not as man and wife, but as two who have shared in a holy place long years of waiting. Both have become frail as paper with the



Norma

By **FREDERICK E. BURNHAM**

WELL, Doc, I see your finish," chuckled old Seth Cunningham, jerking his thumb in the direction of a handsome brass sign that announced the office of young Dr. Walker on Westford's main street, three houses beyond the church.

"Time will tell, Seth," replied Dr. Torrey, Westford's veteran practitioner, smiling. "I have been here a good many years; that may help me out some."

"Thet smart autymobile o' his'n 'll get over the ground a deal faster'n your old hoss, Doc," continued Cunningham.

"No doubt about that, Seth," agreed the doctor. "Still I am not going to worry. As a matter of fact, Seth, it is high time that a young doctor like Eddie should hang out his shingle here in Westford, for my days are fast drawing to a close."

"All joking aside, Doc, I reckon there be hard sleddin' 'head o' Eddie," remarked Cunningham. "To my way o' thinkin', he ain't the cut as takes in a country town. Huh! I'd be 'most afeared to get too close to him lest I get cut by the creases in his pants."

"You are not worried along that line when you are near me, Seth, I take it," chuckled the doctor, looking down at his own baggy trousers.

"No-o, I don't b'lieve I be, Doc," replied Cunningham, grinning. "Speakin' o' Eddie, folks know him too well. You know what the Scriptor says—'A prophet is not without honour, but in his own country.'"

"At the start a stranger would stand a vastly better show, Seth," declared the doctor as they made their way slowly along. "Still, if he has the right stuff in him—heeds the call when it comes, he will make the grade."

"What call?"

"The call that comes in the small hours of the morning, Seth, a call to some remote part of the town, a call that may mean the shouldering of a snow shovel when his machine is hopelessly stalled in a drift, a call from some indigent townsman, a call that knows no reward, save the knowledge that he has carried out the traditions of his profession."

That call had come to old Dr. Torrey full many a time during the past fifty years. In fair weather and foul he had responded. He had pushed ahead on foot when his horse had given out, pausing only

long enough to find shelter for the animal from wintry blasts. In a word, the well-to-do and the indigent could rely absolutely on him—a tower of strength in the hour of trouble.

As for Dr. Walker, he had never been taken very seriously by the rank and file of his townsmen. As a youth he had been an exquisite in the matter of dress. Sartorial exactness was his hobby. A doting mother fostered this inclination, fostered it to her own impoverishment. Eddie Walker, as he was known, was taken even less seriously when it was learned that he planned to become a doctor.

Having graduated from a medical school and served as an intern in a hospital, young Dr. Walker called to mind the fact that Dr. Torrey was getting well along in years, and such being the case, it seemed reasonable to suppose that Westford would prove to be an ideal place in which to locate. At first he hesitated, for he bore the good old doctor no ill will. Indeed, when finally he decided to locate there he actually felt sorry for him, for he anticipated taking from him a large share of his practice. "If I don't take it, somebody else will," he reasoned. "It is the way of the world—the old pass and the young take their places."

There was still another factor that had no little bearing on his decision to locate in Westford—a most estimable young

town?" she cried. "Bonds of love, Ed, cannot be broken. They will endure until old Dr. Torrey's eyes are closed in death."

"I have made up my mind to locate here in Westford, Norma," declared Dr. Walker firmly. "Some day you will realize that I am right in doing so. It will not be long before you will see things as I do."

It did not take long for Norma to see that Dr. Walker meant to do just what he said, if he could. She confronted him one day with blazing eyes.

"You are trying to take Dr. Torrey's patients away from him!" she accused. "If you really cared anything for me you'd be different. Dr. Torrey saved my mother's life, and you know it."

"Well, what's wrong about taking his patients? If they prefer me, can I help it?"

"If they really preferred you, and came to you of their own accord, there might not be anything wrong. But you are doing everything but actually solicit them. And you are calling good old Dr. Torrey an old fogey."

"Well, that's just what he is—"

"Oh, I won't listen to you—I hate you!" She jerked his ring from her finger, threw it at his feet, and rushed away, head high and cheeks blazing.

That was a jolt Walker had not been prepared for, and it hurt—hurt more than he would admit. Yet he kept doggedly



Carry On Doctor

woman of the name of Goodhue, Norma Goodhue. They had been to school together as children, and later friendship had ripened into love.

In passing be it stated that Norma was strongly opposed to the move that her sweetheart had in mind. A woman's keen intuition told her that he would face tremendous odds, and she did her best to dissuade him, but it was all to no purpose. "Dr. Torrey is a back number," he declared. "Backed by new ideas, ideas sanctioned by the greatest physicians in the country, patients will flock to me."

Poor Norma shook her head. "Oh, can't you see, Ed, that old Dr. Torrey is loved by every man, woman and child here in

on, trying to get a foothold among the paying patients; for it must be admitted that so far his practice had consisted, for the most part, of patients who owed Dr. Torrey so much that they were ashamed to go to him again.

Then, about three months from the time young Dr. Walker hung out his shingle the call that old Dr. Torrey referred to came. It was Dr. Torrey, well past the allotted three score years and ten, who finally responded to the frantic appeal for medical attendance from one who owed him a considerable bill of long standing. When drifting snows made it impossible for him to drive farther, he found shelter for his horse in an adjacent

barn and pushed ahead on foot, breaking through impeding drifts with his snowshovel.

The story of the old doctor's battle with the elements, a battle crowned with victory—the saving of Jake Munson's life, Jake, Westford's ne'er-do-well, spread throughout the township. It was Jake who broadcast it, together with Dr. Walker's response to the former's wife over the telephone—"I can't possibly get out there today." That story spread like wildfire, and the little practice Dr. Walker had so laboriously obtained began to drop away.

One morning early in May, some four months later, Dr. Torrey cheerily hailed Dr. Walker in front of the general store and post office. "A splendid spring morning, Doctor," he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is a fine morning, Dr. Torrey," he replied. Then, his voice husky with emotion, "A fine morning for packing up and heading back a few miles."

"You mean that you are going to leave us?"

"That's right, Doctor. I throw up my hands. I am done. I, well, I am going to turn farmer—hire the old Winslow farm. Later on I may buy it."

"Bosh and twaddle!" exploded Dr. Torrey, using a favorite expression.

They had been walking along and now in front of Dr. Torrey's residence, the old doctor locked arms with his colleague and turned in at the gate.

"When a man sees starvation staring him in the face it is time to quit," declared Dr. Walker when they were comfortably seated on the piazza. "I have been completely disillusioned. I see it now—you hold this town in the hollow of your hand, Doctor. I haven't a chance. I am going to the city today to dispose of my car, for I shall need all the money I can muster." Then bitterly, "I have no farther use for it, even for pleasure. Norma has thrown me over, and I couldn't afford to marry if she hadn't—I couldn't bear the thought of dragging her down. Speaking of the car, it cost me upwards of seven hundred dollars. If I get four hundred for it I will be very fortunate."

"The horse and buggy days are a thing of the past," remarked the old doctor.

"Not in this town evidently," said Dr. Walker, smiling grimly. "I thought so, too, when I came here, but I have changed my mind."

"They are if I have my way."

"Yes?"

"I will buy your car at that figure—on one condition."

"And that?"

"That you enter my employ as chauffeur."

"What?"

"For a few months, or possibly a year, Doctor. I will pay you twenty dollars per week."

"A few months ago I would have resented your proposition, Doctor, but not today, not today," declared Dr. Walker huskily.

"It will mean long hours, Doctor," warned Dr. Torrey. "You will be at my beck and call at any hour of the day or night, in fair weather and foul."

"In the future kindly refrain from addressing me as 'doctor,'" said the younger man, his face much flushed. "I am Ed to you." Then, swallowing hard, "I am Ed to everybody. I have closed the professional door forever."

"Just as you say, Ed," replied the doctor, and the while an inscrutable smile played about his mouth. "Now suppose you get your car and run it into my barn. While you are gone I will make you out a check for four hundred dollars. You are now in my employ, Ed."

"And very glad to be in your employ, Doctor. Today I am going to have the first square meal I have had in a month." He hesitated for a moment and then laughed, but it was a laugh that sounded more like a sob than anything else in the world. "Yes, a square meal, Doctor," he said, and as he spoke two tears crept from the inner corners of his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He turned and blundered to the door. "I—I'll be right back with the car," he said.

"Poor boy!" murmured the old doctor when he was alone. "Giving up one's ambition is life's darkest moment."

He closed his eyes. "It seems but yesterday, but it is full five years ago," he mused, sighing heavily.—"Ed's mother holding my hand as death drew near." His voice became husky. "I—I can hear her now—if the time ever comes that Eddie needs a helping hand, Doctor, do what you can for him."

Presently he reached for his check-book and as he did so Ed drove into the yard. He wrote out the check and a few moments later joined Ed out in the barn.

News travels fast in a small town. Those who saw Ed at the wheel of the car and old Dr. Torrey beside him that day and succeeding days guessed the truth. As for Ed, he frankly admitted the facts.

There were those who censured Dr. Torrey. Among such was Ezra Kimball, a store lounge, who, by the way, owed the old doctor a considerable bill of long standing. It was while he was airing his views that Dr. Torrey entered the store quite unbeknown to Kimball.

"That's what (Continued on page 51)

"A few months ago I would have resented your proposition, Doctor, but not today," declared Dr. Walker, huskily

Illustrator, JOHN WATROUS





This is the kind of good times the youngsters in Vermont used to enjoy in winter—Mr. Gilbert giving a bunch of them a sleigh ride to school with more of them "hitch-hiking" on sleds behind

By George B. Gilbert

EARLY MISSION WORK

IT WAS late in the fall of 1896 that I gave all my second-best clothes to my father's hired man and headed for Berkeley Divinity School in Middletown, Connecticut. The hired man was dumbfounded to find himself with such a wardrobe all at once, and father was a little surprised at my generosity, but on the whole it was a good exchange. The man needed the clothes and I needed the education.

Old Bishop Williams was in charge of Berkeley; as a matter of fact he was the whole school. He was very old and very sick and he spent most of his time in bed, but even there his sense of humor didn't desert him. When a committee came to him and suggested that he buy himself a new pair of shoes, he remarked slyly: "Yes, gentlemen, I know. Plenty of men in this state have been waiting for years to get into my shoes."

He seemed like a gruff old bear to those who didn't know him, and he frightened a lot of people half out of their wits, but when we boys in the School got to know him, we loved him. I used to ride my bicycle down to Hartford, occasionally, to visit my old friends, and on getting back to my rooms one night I found a note from one of the boys: "You left the faucet running, and the water has seeped clear through to the Bishop's very bed. He's ripping mad, and he wants to see you at once—no matter how late you get in." I was almost paralyzed with fear as I tiptoed toward his room. I peaked in and there he was, fast asleep in his bed. Who was I to waken a weak old man who needed his rest? I promptly tiptoed back upstairs, where the boys were waiting for the explosion.

"What'd he do to you?" they asked.

"Nothing. He's asleep."

"Asleep your eye," they answered. "We were just down there!"

That was typical of him. He probably saw the funny side of it by the time I got back, and besides he didn't want to pounce on me at all. He seldom pounced on any of us, except in a kindly way. When he did, we needed it. He had a lot of good old Yankee horse-sense in dealing with the problems of the school. He arranged, for instance, for devotional periods that were just about right—neither too long nor too short.

Then there was good old Dr. Binney, who taught Old Testament. Everybody liked him and everybody dreaded his courses. He seemed to ramble all around Robin Hood's barn and never get anywhere. The hours I spent taking notes in his classes were a total waste of time. I never got a thing out of them, and what I know of the Old Testament I learned after Berkeley days were over. Had he only taught it with the idea in his mind that we had to take what he taught and weave it into sermons, it might have been different.

And while I'm at it, it may be as well to say right here that about ninety per cent of our sermon and preaching instruction was wasted, too. It seemed all wrong. Luckily I had sense enough to pay no attention to it anyway, so I didn't miss anything. This school, like most others I have come in contact with, taught the young preacher to write his sermons out in full, from the announcement of the text to



[PART THREE]

the last "Finally, brethren. . . ." At least you were supposed to keep writing them out until you had crystallized that academic style which makes it just impossible for the man in the pew to understand what you're talking about. The best criticism I've heard of this manner of preaching came from a preacher's son. When his father asked him if he thought the congregation of that morning had approved of the sermon, the young rascal replied, "They sure did, Dad. They were all nodding like mad all the time you were at it."

The time wasted in writing out those dry sermons is argument enough against them, but the effect of them on the average small congregation is one of the great tragedies of Christendom. It may be that a lot of these preachers don't dare look at their audiences. The old idea that you should write them out word for word, and then "rub out with your nose what you've written with your pen" when you get up to preach, has driven more people away from church than ten thousand Bob Ingersolls could ever had driven away. It may be all right in a big swanky city church (I doubt it), but it is pure poison



And here, above, is the "Country Preacher," looking far from countrified. Mr. Gilbert and his bride, on his wedding day, February 4, 1903. Below, the Preacher, with everything ready to pack his Model T for church Sunday morning. Imagine a modern preacher taking a load like that to church!

in a small church where folks come to hear real preaching.

But let's take a good look at some of the boys in that seminary, before we go too far. One of them had worked in a factory for ten years before coming up to seminary, soldering spouts on tea kettles; he had never been anywhere near a prep school or a college, so you can imagine how hard he had to grind to keep up with the rest of us. He was married, had one child, and lived in a flat. His wife took in students for boarders. One Monday, when his wife was sick, I went over to help him wash the week's clothes; it made me his friend for life. I needed a friend like this. His knowledge of human nature, gained in that factory, was of as much use to him, and maybe more, than all our book-learning in the seminary was to us. Preachers need contacts like that, to keep their feet on the ground and to keep themselves human.

There was another fellow in the class

who had peddled pins from door to door in New Haven, for years. He knew something about human nature, too—about womannature, anyway. And he made one of the best ministers I have ever known!

Now I tell you about these two men to illustrate this: I believe in an educated ministry, but I've about come to the conclusion that a lot of our ministers have too much education and not enough practical experience among men. They don't know how to get along with people. Instead of drawing people into the church, they drive them out. They're like the parson who was asked how he was getting along with his congregation. "Oh," he replied, "Oh splendidly. I'm weeding them out."

We students used to go out to the missions as lay readers; that was great! I think all students should be made to do that.

it. He never could bring that mission back. He got another job within a year.

Almost as bad as the visiting preachers were the gushing mothers we used to meet in those early parishes, with their marriageable daughters! Are they a menace! They used to sit enraptured under the most awful sermons in the world: those student sermons, horrible to contemplate, worse to listen to! We could have preached almost anything to them and gotten away with it; it was always, "Oh, Doctor! What a lovely sermon!" And we knew in our hearts that it had been awful. I remember preaching my first Christmas Eve Service. For a wonder, I didn't go into a long discussion of the Virgin Birth, as most students do. But I settled the whole question of the Incarnation that night in less than fifteen minutes—and they came up and said, "Splendid. Splendid!"

The late Bishop Paddock was in Divinity School with me; he was one of the finest fellows that ever lived, and I flatter myself that I kept him in this country so he could be elected Bishop. Paddock was highly emotional and impulsive; a pep talk always got him. We had a lot of pep talks in those days from missionaries who came around recruiting men for the foreign field. One of them got Paddock; he was all set to go when spring vacation rolled around. He went home, and a few days later I had a letter from him in which he said he couldn't go to China just then; he had two sisters to take care of. He just hadn't thought of them, when he volunteered for China. He wrote some time later, asking me to pray for him: "I want your prayers, Gilbert, that the obstacles to my going to China may be speedily removed." It wasn't long before one of those sisters died, but it wasn't my prayers that did it!

During the last year in Seminary, I had a job as assistant in a little church on the outskirts of the city. There was a large



But I also think they should have some sort of intelligent supervision while they're doing it, supervision by someone who knows what it's all about, not by some high-hat Bishop whose days have been spent in a rich city parish or as a Seminary professor. I knew one minister who worked like a Trojan building up a fine mission; he got along in fine style until he asked a Seminary president to come and preach for him, and that killed

factory near by, and we had a lot of the factory workers in the church; there was also a big farming and rural section close by, and of course, being the product of the farm, I went after the farmers and their families with a holy zeal. I loved to get out among them, into their homes. There was one fine old farmer with whom I used to spend the night; he provided the finest meals in the county and the finest beds, and he made a point of it to shake my

hand as I mounted my bicycle. There was always a dollar bill in that handshake. When I told my fellow divinity students about it, they almost mobbed me, shouting, "Lead us to it. Give us a chance at him." They had never found a hotel where they paid the departing guest instead of expecting to be paid.

I went fishing with those farmers, pitched hay in their fields, and on Sunday afternoons led religious services for them, in a local hall. Every Wednesday evening we had a prayer meeting. I remember being out fishing late one Wednesday afternoon; I caught a big one, and I spent so much time landing him that I had to run to get to prayer meeting on time. I stuffed the big trout in my pocket, having wrapped him up nicely in a big handful of grass. I slipped in and tried to stay put in a seat in the back of the room, but the chairman insisted that I come up front and "sit where I belonged." It was the most uncomfortable evening I've ever had; I think that if those farmers had seen the trout, or even suspected what I had in that pocket, there would have been no prayer meeting that night.

I put in a great deal of time with the young people, organizing ball clubs, hunting expeditions, game suppers, picnics and nutting parties. We had a Sunday School that averaged about one hundred and fifty, and it was necessary for me to work seven days and seven nights a week in order to keep it up, and keep the interest alive for the young folks. We had one old farmer in that congregation with a particularly big long-legged horse named Tyball. What a horse that fellow was! When he got tired of pulling his wagon, he'd just lie right down in the shafts, and I don't believe even the angels could have moved him. I would help pull turnips in that farmer's field, and for pay accepted a loan of old Tyball to take a wagonload of my Sunday School youngsters on a nutting party. Many the time he just got tired and quit, with that wagonload of youngsters shouting at him to get up. He never got up under any such stimulus as that. We'd all pile out and walk on ahead of him. He would watch us with his rheumy eye, and then, rather than be left alone, slowly get to his feet and catch up with us, and we'd all pile in again.

It was hard, twenty-four-hour-a-day work, but it paid off in results.

I met a lot of people in those days, just as every young preacher does, who left their imprint on my life. One of them was an old lady 'way over eighty, with whom I used to have regular prayers and Bible readings. She was terribly sick, yet I never once heard her complain. When I left the parish she insisted on giving me a small silver milk picher that belonged to her wedding set. I've kept it, all these years; it is over one hundred years old, and every time I look at it I'm a better man. That old lady's patience in her suffering was a great lesson to me.

The rich widow who gave the rectory wasn't so good a character as this. She gave a house she couldn't have used anyway; it was a huge thing, much more pretentious than the rector's salary warranted; it even had a butler's pantry. She called it The Rectory, and she was proud to tell everybody who'd listen that she gave it, and the Bishop thanked her publicly and officially, but we found out later that she never deeded it over to the Church.

I say "we," for by this time I had become "we." For some time I had been going out to hold services in a mission in the country. The place was full of summer boarders from June to September, and one day a summer girl came up to me and offered to play the organ and lead the singing during the services in the mission church. I couldn't sing a note, myself, nor carry a tune even in the proverbial bushel basket. She was sent from heaven, and no mistake. She was a soprano solo-

came down with the mumps, on both sides. When her in-laws caught their first sight of her, they gasped. Father measured up to it pretty well, at that; he had a singing hen and every morning he brought the hen in to sing the bride's mumps away. Eventually, the hen won.

Our first son, Shelley, was born in the rectory given by the rich widow, in 1904. Soon afterwards we were turned out of this rectory, bag and baggage. The widow didn't like a lot of the new ideas, and a Labor Day sermon completely upset her. We moved into another house, in which three more children were born—two boys and a girl.

It was about this time that we began to devote all our time to rural work, under the direction of our State Missionary Society. I had always liked working in the Sunday Schools and with large poor families; it seemed to me that there was where a minister's real effort should be expended. To fit myself for this, I decided to take a course at the Hartford School of Pedagogy. My first course was under a Dr. St. John, and he began it by telling us a story: "How The Half Chick Came to be on the Weather Vane." I was startled at his procedure at first, until I began to realize that he was impressing on us the tremendous possibilities of good story-telling. I read feverishly Dr. St. John's book on story-telling, and Sarah Cone Bryant's book "Stories and How To Tell Them." The field opened wider and wider as we learned to tell stories by actually telling them to each other and to anyone else who would listen. I remember coming home one night, taking Shelley on my knee, and starting in on a story. Mother was doing some frying at the stove, but she listened in. Pretty soon she turned and shook the turner in my direction and said, "I hope to goodness you never tell a story where anyone can hear it."

But I kept on and I'm glad I did. I can't emphasize enough the pleasure and profit my story-telling has been to countless children and grownups. When you go into a country school or any school, the teacher is only too glad to let you tell a story to her children. They like "The Elephant and the Rabbit," "The Pig Brother," "The Cat and the Parrot," or "Billy Beg and his Bull." And of course they like the story about the boy with his bread and fishes, Joseph and his brothers, the boy who didn't want to live in the country (The Prodigal Son), and others. Every seminary should have a thorough course in story-telling—how a story is built up, its different parts, and the difference between a joke and after dinner stories. When a person tells a story and sees how intently interested both the grownups and children are, and then preaches and sees how the children fidget and the grownups nap, he begins to do a bit of thinking. Whether he will do a bit of changing or not is another question.

(Continued on page 48)

Wise Old Man

By Charles Hanson Towne

Oh, it does not matter how long the road;
What really matters is how we tread it.

And little to us is the heavy load—

(My grandsire said it);

It's how we carried it as we strode.

Over the hills it may be far,

And rough the going for those who do it.

But at the end is a diamond star—

(My grandsire knew it);

"Climb, climb!" he urged, "where the bright dreams are!"

Is the night dark? That matters nought;

It's whether we fear and are foolishly frightened.

O bear your burden without a thought,

And soon it's lightened.

These are the things my grandsire taught.



ist in the Vermont Avenue Christian Church in Washington, D. C., and a teacher in the Sunday School. We were together a lot that summer; I had a boys' camp near the house she was boarding in, and what an excuse that boys' camp turned out to be! She pitched in and helped take care of those Sunday School children, and the more I watched her the more I knew I wanted her to help me all my life. So I married her. Mary Jane Sheppey and I were married on the 4th of February, in 1903, in her own Vermont Avenue Christian Church. Nobody can ever say that I rushed her out of that Church and into the Episcopal Church; it was fourteen years later that she was confirmed in the same class with our oldest boy.

We went to Vermont on our wedding trip. Remember, this was February. February—honeymoon—Vermont. What a combination! It was liable to result in almost anything, and it did. My fair bride

By Richard Maxwell

Cuvier, one of our greatest naturalists, and the founder of comparative anatomy, once made a striking statement. He said, "The dog is the greatest conquest made by man." Whether you agree with him or not—man in general is bound by the strongest ties and sentiment to his satellite and worshiper, the dog. No other animal means as much to us, probably because man always comes first in the heart of the lowly little dog.

*Every
DOG
needs a
BOY*



Without a dog, no small boy's life seems round and complete. Lessons of mutual protection, loyalty and companionship are learned together and never forgotten. Many parents hesitate to let their youngsters own a dog because of the extra work and annoyance—for he insists on taking his little place as a member of the family at once. When I was about nine years old I had a great longing to own a dog.

I had been refused so many times that finally I worked out a scheme. It was Christmas Day. Our large home was the customary gathering place of all the near relatives. So I circulated a little petition among them, stating that the only thing I wanted the following Christmas was a dog of my own, and I asked everyone to sign it in consent. With considerable chuckling and jesting, everyone signed the agreement—that the following Christmas I would be allowed to have a dog. How I prized the document—and how carefully I hid it away. Of course everyone thought I would forget—but not I. My desire was too deep and sincere. So the following Christmas I brought out my document, and held everyone to the agreement.

So with my Christmas money I set out; I knew exactly what I wanted and where to go for it. In half an hour I returned with a three-months-old fox-hound pup.

Riding my bicycle, the pup's head sticking out of a boy scout knapsack in which I had buckled him, slung over my shoulder, I triumphantly brought my dog home. It was one of the happiest days of my life. Yes, every boy should have his dog.

(This sketch was taken from a book just published by Richard Maxwell, 485 Madison Ave., New York City, \$1.00, entitled "Notes of Cheer and Comfort.")

THE LOVE OF A MAN FOR HIS DOG, AND OF
A DOG FOR HIS MASTER, IS A SPARK OF A
GREATER LOVE . . . THAT WHICH BINDS
US ALL . . .



Doing His Part

Cold little dog on the church doorstep—
Followed that far to be left outside,
Master gone in to Bible School class
Shivered and shook,—and finally cried.

Pale little boy with a friendly heart,
Down on his knees on the ice-cold stone,
Opened the front of his overcoat warm—
Covered the puppy so cold and alone.

"Poor li'll fellar," I heard him say—
Rubbing his face on the dog's cold nose,
"He needs an overcoat, warm like mine—
Sides just the short one that on him
grows."

Only a dog on the church doorstep,
Wak'ning the love in a small boy's heart—
Just so humanities' needs are met
When all of us lovingly do our part.

C. L. GRAHAM



© Photos Methodist Press



The Jane Addams of THE PHIL

By RICHARD
T. BAKER

ASUNCION ARRIOLA was happy. She was doing exactly what she had always wanted to do, and nothing could stop her now. She hugged her books and papers to her breast and tried to keep from giggling out loud. She was that happy.

The man behind the desk called her name.

"Asuncion Arriola!"

She was timid, as all freshmen always are, but she put down her books, signed the slips, told the man that she was a graduate of the only high school in Manila at that time (twenty-six years ago is a long time in the Philippines), that her home was on Marinduque Island many miles across the sea, that she wanted to be a doctor more than anything in the world.

"It's hard work," he counseled her.

But she didn't mind hard work. She was willing to do anything.

"Just let me come to the university," she pleaded. "I know it's unusual for a girl to want to be a doctor, but that's what I want."

She waited for the man to nod his head one way or the other. Finally, it wagged slowly up and down. Her heart stood still. She was a freshman in the University of the Philippines medical school!

She was so happy that she didn't even remember her main problem. Where

should she live? What could she do for room and board? She was miles away from home, and her money was slipping away. Somehow she had seemed drawn for several days to the girls at Hugh Wilson dormitory. Of course, she knew it was unorthodox, run by American missionaries, and her conventional upbringing frowned pretty darkly upon Hugh Wilson and all it stood for.

Its front porch, hung in vines and shrubs, looked across at her as she stood on the campus. "Should I, or should I not?" she argued.

Today, 1939, she doesn't quite know what made up her mind. She stalked across the road, knocked on the door, asked if she could work for her room and board. She became an assistant matron in the dormitory, and gave all her evenings to work around the house.

They were tired evenings, too, after long days in the classrooms and the laboratories.

Something happened that year in Hugh Wilson Hall, happened to Asuncion Arriola. She knew it was happening, even before she heard a sermon by the preacher from around the corner. But that sermon made up her mind. It had spoken of sins, forgiveness, fear, pride, and suddenly she knew the answer.

"I would not want to have it any different," she says today.

There are lots of people, millions no less, scattered throughout the Philippine Commonwealth, who would agree with her. They would not want it any different, either. Whatever it was that happened to Asuncion Arriola in Hugh Wil-

son Hall that day twenty-six years ago has made of her a commanding figure among Filipino women. Today, she is the Jane Addams of Manila and one of Protestantism's proudest children in the Philippines. The value of Protestant missions? Asuncion Arriola Perez is the answer.

She was born in 1893 in Marinduque, one of the southern islands of the Philippine archipelago. When Dewey sailed into Manila harbor and hoisted the Stars and Stripes, she was five years old. She received her early training at home—reading, arithmetic, and embroidery. After finishing elementary school with the highest rating, she went up to Manila in 1911 to begin high school. Then came the day when she enrolled at the school of medicine and walked across the street to get a job at Hugh Wilson dormitory for girls. It was a dream come true. . . .

But the strange part of the story is that Asuncion Arriola never became a doctor. The first year rolled around, a hard year, and she faced a new semester with the knowledge that her frail health was about to give out. Her friends advised her to compromise and take a Bachelor of Arts degree. When she was handed her diploma in 1917, she didn't know whether to be happy or sad. She had her degree, but she had smashed her health all to pieces to get it.

Fortunately, she landed a teaching job in Baguio, the mountain resort of the Philippines, and up in the crystal air above the China Sea she recovered all her lost strength and pep. She went back to Manila to finish her medical course, still determined to be a doctor. Her colleagues



On facing page, left, beautiful Manila Bay at sunset; right, some of Manila's unemployed before the Associated Charities building. On this page, left, Mrs. Asuncion Perez, the "Jane Addams of the Philippines," at her desk; center, Manuel Quezon delivering his inaugural address; and, bottom, the library of the University of the Philippines



IPPINES

told her that career it was impossible.

"Give up my dream of a lifetime?" she asked. And the doctors said it must be.

Asuncion Arriola was disappointed, discouraged, almost ready to quit. But she didn't. There must be some way to perform acts of Christian service, she determined, even if medicine was closed to her.

She sailed away for America, and a year later found her at Madison on the campus of the University of Wisconsin. She was working in the department of sociology, eagerly, energetically as always, and thinking of how she might interpret her training in Filipino terms. The Methodist missionaries in the Philippines made this year at Madison possible.

But back in Manila in 1920, thoughts of social work were laughable. It was an uphill task, and as she waited for something to break, she taught school. One day something did break. A flame shot up out of a straw and bamboo hut in the Tondo section of Manila. Fanned by a roaring wind, it engulfed the Tondo ward in a seething furnace within a few minutes. The Tondo fire of 1922 is one of the Philippines' historic disasters.

Asuncion Perez—she was married now—volunteered. She went to the Red Cross and said, "I want to help. Use me wherever you can." The Red Cross accepted her services—these were busy times—and for all we know, the boys and girls at school are still waiting for their teacher to come back.

She never went back to school-teaching. She had seen charred homes, haggard faces, consumptive bodies, penniless

workers, beggars, victims of fire, depression, superstition, and the greed of their fellowmen. She said, "This is where I belong," and she stayed.

"The privilege to serve the poor and needy came to me naturally," she acknowledges today, and then she adds quietly with firm conviction, "It was the fruit of Christ's love."

But what does this plucky, fragile piece of womankind, way out in Manila, know about Christ's love? Plenty, it seems, and if you don't believe it, follow her for a day in and out among the distressed unfortunates of the capital city of the Philippine Commonwealth.

Then get out your Testaments and compare what you have seen with, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." No better statement of Asuncion Perez's daily log was ever written.

Looking in on Mrs. Perez for a typical day, one finds a busy, but efficient, schedule. There are scores of people standing in the courtyard beneath her office window. An employee is rationing rice at a doorway around a corner of the building. A club of women is working on hemp-weaving in a quiet room. The clinic intake is running twenty folks to the hour.

Mrs. Perez' desk is panting under a dozen piles of letters. The telephone is jangling.

But everyone is too busy to pay attention. The swivel-chair is handsome but unoccupied. Its tenant is off somewhere else, helping a new-found friend, meeting a delegation of mad, frightened workers who have agreed to "listen to the social worker just this once," or a Spanish dowager who must be cultivated for a thousand or two pesos, or the cochero's union with a grievance, or an orphan whose father and mother have just been killed in a typhoon, or a brand new mother who wants advice on bringing up a brand new baby. These, in addition to questioning reporters from America, make up a typical Perez day.

What has this little lady done in her house of the Associated Charities in Manila? The list of accomplishments is long and ranges from quarantining measles to setting up the Philippine National Relief Administration, the latest of her achievements.

For the story of the creation of the National Relief Administration, a story which symbolizes many Mrs. Perez might tell, one must go back to August of 1936 when President (Continued on page 46)

By

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Illustrator

HENRY LUHRS



"THERE ain't any Santy Claus!"

"There is!"

"Oh, don't be a goosy! You're old enough to know better."

"My mommer says there IS a Santy. She ought to know."

"She's fooling you, she's fooling you! Ain't she, Gladys?"

Gladys, thus appealed to, seconded the motion. "Yes, she is. Jennie knows what she's talking about."

And then it was that little Irene's eyes filled with tears. She was experiencing, for the first time in her short life—she was only eight—that awful moment when a dream is shattered. Way down in her child heart she knew that Jennie and Gladys were right. But oh, why should they have told her today, of all days?

For, before she went back to public school for the afternoon session, through the snow, she had heard her father, out of work so long, telling her mother that he didn't know what he should do if he couldn't find a job soon. Irene's shoes were in tatters, her one decent dress was ripped, and there were appalling holes in her stockings. She had hoped that the Santa Claus in whom she firmly believed, would bring her not only some new clothes but plenty of toys. And now. . .

Christmas was three weeks away. The O'Neills hadn't had much of a Thanksgiving—liver and bacon, instead of hot turkey with all the fixings and Irene had heard a strange word mentioned over that meager board—something about "relief". It was something you went on, like a boat, or a train, perhaps; she didn't know. She couldn't understand why her father spoke of it so sadly. A trip would be nice, she thought, and maybe the whole family could take it.

Soon after three o'clock, Irene climbed the two flights of dingy stairs in the tenement where the O'Neills lived. Rank odors came from each landing, but she was used to that; and some of them smelled good, for lunch hadn't been much that day—just canned beans and bread cut thin, with hardly any butter on it. They hadn't always been so terribly poor; but others must be poor, too; for, six months before, that rich widow, Mrs. Constantine, had let Irene's father go as day gardener on her Long Island estate. She couldn't afford to keep him any longer, she heard her father telling her mother; and there were big words like "retrenching", and "conserving", which little Irene didn't understand at all.

This afternoon, as she reached her door



Santa Claus at Dolmers

and opened it, she saw her father sitting by the window, looking out at the softly falling snow. His eyes were sad. He'd been pacing the streets again, Irene knew, for his shoes looked wet, but she heard her mother saying to him, "You might look into it, John." Then, when she saw Irene, with her books and slate, she stopped speaking. A morning newspaper was in John O'Neill's hand, and in a moment he looked at it, and seemed to perk up. "I will," he addressed his wife. "First thing tomorrow morning. I'm pretty tired now."

Nothing more was said. It was as if a wall had suddenly been built between the parents and their only child, and Irene, used to such abrupt barriers, paid no further attention.

The early twilight fell, the snow kept on falling, and Moira O'Neill sent Irene on an errand to get some potatoes from the corner grocer. While she was gone, John said: "A store Santa Claus! It might be fun, Moira; and there's money in it, though not much. It would pull us through, though, wouldn't it? That Dolmer's is a big, fine store."

"They'd have to pad you out a lot," Moira laughed. "Lord, you're gettin' thin, what with the poor victuals I can give you. But never mind, things'll pick





up. Get to Dolmer's early. There'll be a rush, you know. But it's funny you'll look in white whiskers and a 'little round belly, that'll shake when you laugh like a bowlful o' jelly,' she paraphrased. "Go to it, John, an' we'll have a good Christmas, after all—maybe."

You couldn't make Moira utterly discouraged. Her Irish spirit rose like a happy tide just as things were getting darkest. They agreed not to say a word before Irene. They'd keep their secret—if John should get the job.

Meanwhile, Irene, in the snowy street, kept thinking of what her schoolmates had told her. "No Santy Claus!" she kept repeating. "But there is—there must be," she whispered to herself. For a world without good old Santy would be intolerable—though of course little Irene didn't put it that way. She wouldn't have known how, at her tender age.

How ugly the street looked, she thought; how plain all the faces of those she passed; how cluttered seemed the grocery store—all because there was no Santy in the world! Potatoes—they were just—potatoes, and all the seasoning her mother could put into them wouldn't make them taste any better from now on. Oh, dear! Irene thought; I wish they hadn't told me such a mean story! But they had—

that was the pitiful part of it; and so an end had come to the little girl's lifelong belief.

She gave the grocer the few pennies the potatoes cost, and he, in a burst of generosity, gave her an apple. This unexpected gesture revived the child's faith in people, if not in Santa Claus. The snow seemed less wet, the street less ugly, as she trudged homeward, the bag of potatoes in one hand, the apple in the other.

Before the doors of Dolmer's big department-store were opened the next day, there was a line of waiting men a block long. Some were very shabby, others were decent enough appearing fellows, out of luck. All had eager faces. John O'Neill had left home early, and was the fourth in the queue. There wasn't a single fat man in all that serpent-like line that straggled along the snowy pavement. And John thought of what Moira had said to him. Yes! any one of them would have to be fattened up, artificially, as a Strassburg goose is fattened inside for those to partake of its daintiness, later.

At last the great doors opened, and an attendant told them where to go, one at a time, one at a time. It was to a tiny office on the second floor, and as the first fellow hopefully left the line, all the others within sight wondered how long his examination would last. Suppose he were accepted, and they all had to wander away again! But no; within two minutes he came out, crestfallen, and dumbly pushed his way through the line and walked slowly down the street. "No luck," he was whispering; and all the rest felt vicariously, the disappointment that was his.

The second man was gone only a few seconds, and he smiled grimly as he emerged. "Next!" cried the attendant, who was in a resplendent uniform, with gold braid on his blue trousers, his cap set jauntily on his head. How prosperous he looked, how sure of himself!

But the third man came out too; and now it was John O'Neill's turn. His heart gave quick beats. Others needed this job, but none, perhaps, more than he. The attendant tapped him on the shoulder, and John, like those who had preceded him, disappeared. Hope was his, but maybe it was a forlorn hope, he thought. Still...

"You're thin, like the others," the examiner said. He was a fine looking man, ruddy of cheek, with snapping black eyes. "Too bad we can't find a plump fellow!" And he smiled. He seemed to like John's clear Irish eyes; but everyone did. There was honesty in them, and, undernourished though he had been for so long, they were keen, and the twinkle in them had not vanished. Even Mrs. Constantine had spoken of them to her friends. "My day gardener," she had often said, "must be a good man, for his eyes have laughter in them. They match the bluebells. That's why I took him on."

And now he was to be "taken on" again because of those bright eyes of his. "No need to see any of the others," the examiner said, after he had asked John the usual questions. "You'll do, my good man. Come along with me, and we'll fit you out."

Those words—John couldn't believe them. Was he in a dream? And then—oh, that was so like him!—he thought of the others on the long line, and his own

happiness diminished. But such was the strange game of life. Too bad, too bad! There could be only one Santa Claus in this vast store.

It was wonderful, being fitted out in the red suit, trimmed with white, with the mittens, and the enormous wig and long white beard. And the cap, topping all, and the shiny black boots.

As he looked into the mirror in the room where the fitting had taken place, he didn't know himself. That paunch!—it was amazing. And how warm he felt, for the first time since winter had begun. Oh, this was to be a jolly experience. He would know how an actor felt, playing a part; he would laugh with the children who came to see him on his platform in the main part of the store. He would smile through his whiskers, and hoped they'd be able to catch the smile; and he'd wink at them now and then, and maybe dance a step or two, to hear their bright laughter.

Yes! he did all those things, and within only a half-hour after he had been properly arrayed. His approach to the platform was announced with a fanfare of trumpets—for Dolmer's was a modern store, keen about innovations; and soon, like the Pied Piper, there was a flock of children following this amazing Santa Claus down the aisles, through the crowds.

A great chair awaited Santa, and mistletoe and holly were all about him, and above his head was a golden star. Better still, a huge calcium light was thrown upon the stage, so that Santa could be seen from a great distance.

How the children surged about him! One or two, more lucky than the rest, were lifted upon the platform to shake the dear old man's hand, to bask in his infectious smile; and he whispered to these that they should have many toys when Christmas morning came. Others, —the smallest ones,—were at first afraid to get too close to their idol; but soon their fears vanished, for who could resist those kindly, twinkling eyes, half hidden beneath the flowing wig and beard! Not one, as the morning and afternoon wore on.


John had seldom been happier. And he was happier still when he realized that Moira would know he had been selected from all the applicants, when he did not return home until evening. Ah! this wasn't work at all—it was fun, fun. And as word rushed through the great store that Santa Claus was on view at last, how the throngs increased, how the laughter rang out, how the children rejoiced! No clown, no pantomimist, no famous actor anywhere in the world ever had a better time than John O'Neill on that first cold winter day, sitting there at Dolmer's, dispensing joy to the little ones. It seemed to him that all the children in New York flocked to his chubby side; and he knew that when school was out, even more would come. And he thought of his own little Irene, whose faith in Kris Kringle had never died, he was sure.

Dolmer's, of course, during the holiday trade, remained open in the evenings. And so Santa Claus was given a fine luncheon and a splendid dinner. If he didn't look out, he would soon need no padding to give him that rotund appearance! Two full meals a day from now on—it was too much to have (Continued on page 58)



I find my POT OF GOLD

By ALEXANDER A. STACEY

 IT WAS Christmas night in the beautiful little town of Chelsea-on-Hudson. I was sitting in a comfortable armchair and watching my eight-year-old son, Nicholas, play with his new electric train. As the happy laughter of the child awakened echoes of a very different laughter in the past, the brilliantly-lighted Christmas tree changed into a swift succession of other Christmas trees, in my native city of Moscow, and in Chinese Harbin, and Turkish Constantinople. Pictures from a life full of adventure flashed upon an imaginary screen.

A burst of laughter from Nicholas, as his train passed safely over a bridge and through a tunnel, was interrupted by his mother—"Now kiss Daddy good night and come to bed." With a last reluctant look at the Christmas-tree lights reflected in the bright ornaments, the child went slowly upstairs and I was alone. Resolved upon examining more closely the causes of my happiness in the little village where my destiny was being shaped, I deliberately recalled the pictures which had flashed so briefly before my eyes.

In my childhood home in Moscow, one Sunday morning a few weeks before Christmas, my mother, who was of the Greek Orthodox faith, said to me, "You are now a big boy of six and a half; you must go to church." From my nurse I had heard that the church was God's house, and I was interested to see where God lived. I had been taught that God lived in Heaven, but I hoped that I might see Him in His house. Of course, I was disappointed. First of all, the church was a large hall lighted with many candles and filled with people—not a house as I knew it. A choir was singing in front

of a high golden wall. Through a door in the wall I saw an old man wearing gold-colored robes. "Is he God?" I asked my nurse.

"No," she said, "that is the priest. Nobody can see God. He lives in Heaven." It was very difficult to comprehend. If nobody could see God, why did He have so many houses? I tried to get some information from my nurse, but she told me to be silent. I began to look around at the pictures painted on the walls, and one picture particularly arrested my attention. Flames were everywhere in the picture, and among them I saw entirely naked men and women who were apparently suffering. Some were even licking pans, which were evidently hot. (This is the picture of Hell the Russian Church painted.) I could not understand the picture, but I did not dare to ask any questions until we returned home. Then I described the picture to my nurse and asked what it meant.

"It is Hell," she said. "When children do not love their parents and disobey them, as you do, God sends them to Hell. If you lie, you will have to lick hot pans." That was my first information about Hell. I knew perfectly well that I did not like to obey anybody; when my mother sent me to bed, I always protested, sometimes cried. More than once I had not told the truth. I tried to examine my feeling for my parents. Did I love them? I knew that I loved my cat and our dog "Chief," because they played with me; but my parents did not play with me. In fact, I did not see them often, and I was afraid to realize that I did not love them. The picture of Hell was constantly in my mind, and I was terrified. Later I asked one of our servants, "Is it hot in Hell?"

"You will see when you get there," was the reply. For weeks after that I lived in a state of extreme terror. I lost my appetite and cried in my sleep, and in my dreams I saw myself licking hot pans. My governess was at a loss to understand the change in my studies, for often I had not even heard her questions. Finally a doctor was called. When he examined me carefully and prescribed some medicine, I swallowed pills before and after meals; but I knew that nothing could save me. I had only one hope—getting the truth about Hell from my twelve-year-old cousin, who was coming to stay with us during Christmas. He knew everything and was the highest authority to me, the embodiment of knowledge and wisdom, for he was in the second grade of the Gymnasium (combined grammar and high school).

On Christmas Eve he arrived at our home, and as soon as I had a chance, I conveyed to him all my doubts and fears. He replied, "You are a little fool. Next spring when you are seven years old, you will go to the priest and confess all the wrong you have done, and he will forgive you. So do not worry about Hell. Your nurse is an ignorant woman who does not know what she is talking about."

Although I felt a great relief, I asked, "But what if the priest does not want to forgive me?"

"He must, because he is paid to forgive sins." Then he led me by the hand to the parlor where a Christmas tree stood. We had been forbidden to enter that room, even to look through the door, but led by my cousin, I stole into the parlor. He took from the tree a box of candies and told me to take some apples. Noiselessly we crept to my room and enjoyed the results of our raid. I had disobeyed the order of my parents, but I was no longer afraid. In the evening many boys and girls came, played games, and danced. When Santa Claus appeared, though I had early lost my belief in him and knew that it was Uncle Nick, I pretended not to recognize him, and with the other children enjoyed his presents. I was a new boy, excited, laughing. My parents were evidently pleased with the change, which they probably ascribed to the doctor's pills. I forgot my fear of Hell and enjoyed life again. Christmas in Russia was celebrated for several days, with excursions in the "troika," with skating, skiing, and nightly dancing parties. For a long time I remembered that as my happiest Christmas. How different it was from that of my son!

Then my memory reviewed another Christmas when I was a student in the University of Moscow. Much to my mother's disapproval, I always used two weeks of the Christmas vacation for traveling, and frequently I extended the allotted time to four weeks or more, in order that I might satisfy the more than wander-thirst which lured me to all parts of Europe, the Near East, and even Northern Africa. Upon my return, I cheerfully endured my punishment—two hours daily of complete isolation after classes—and determined to repeat my offense the following year. Particularly vivid to me was one vacation when I went with a friend of mine to the Far North. Russian winters are marvelous. The temperature

is away below zero, but the air is dry and refreshing. We came by train to Vologda, a city several hundred miles north of Moscow, to continue our trip on skis along the Sukhona River, which flows into the North Dvina River and to the North Arctic Ocean through the White Sea. We had no definite point of destination, but wanted only to be near Nature in the woods, which were centuries old. We were properly dressed to resist the winter cold, with our fur hats (shapka), sheepskin coats, and high woolen boots (valenki), and we had some provisions; for we had planned to stay over night in the villages on our way. After four nights it began to snow, and the peasant with whom we had last stayed advised us to postpone our trip. Since it was only forty miles to the next village, and we were both experienced skiers, we disregarded his advice. The snow did not bother us much; the woods were magnificent; the branches of evergreens, covered with snow crystals, glittered in the sun. At noon we stopped to have a cup of tea, made a fire, and were resting, charmed by the quiet of the endless forests. Miles away from civiliza-

tion, in the wilderness, the nearness of Nature was so complete that we did not even talk, in order not to break the majestic stillness which reigned. In the afternoon the weather changed; the wind blew severely, and the snow fell in such thick flakes that it prevented our seeing the trail. We tried to keep near the river, which was on our left, but now we could not see anything. After several hours of skiing and many fruitless attempts at finding the trail, I felt entirely exhausted. The storm became milder; the snow ceased; but my legs were so heavy that I could no longer move, and I decided to stay where I was, while my friend went to find some settlement. Seeing that I was all in, he made a place in the snow for me and left. How many hours had passed I did not know, for I waited without moving, almost without thinking. I remember that I was shivering in my sheepskin coat and hopelessly struggling against overpowering sleepiness. I knew that sleep meant death, and I tried to keep awake. I recited the Roman law, which I was studying at that time in the university. That helped to a certain extent,

but often the thought slipped out of my control, and I saw myself in my room or in the university auditorium. I heard the voice of my mother, who had always opposed my travel; and half dreaming, I tried to present to her my arguments. My mind was blank. When I came to my senses, I was in a spacious room. A Christmas tree was standing in the corner of the room. Not at once could I understand where I was. My friend was talking with a man who was obviously an intellectual. A woman gave me something hot to drink, and the pleasant warmth spread through my body; but I closed my eyes and took no interest in anything around me.

It developed that I was in the home of a rural physician, where I had been brought by the rescue party called by my friend in the nearby village. After two days I regained my strength and began to feel normal. The doctor and his family were the kindest people I had ever seen and did all in their power to make things comfortable for me. That evening the doctor's wife said to me, "Now we can have our Christmas party, which we postponed because of you; but tonight let us celebrate." Several guests were invited; a schoolteacher, an agriculturist, and a political exile—a former university student—were among them. We had a delicious supper and sang student songs. The joy of existence, of merely being alive and strong again, penetrated my consciousness. I certainly was as happy as an animal, though Christmas still had no special significance for me.

Reel after reel of other Christmas days is projected upon the screen, each with its associations. Penniless in Port Said that starry Christmas night, thousands of miles from home, sitting in front of the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps and wondering how to reach Alexandria and work my way back to Moscow; lying in an abandoned boat in the Crimea on the shore of the Black Sea, celebrating in Turkish Trebizond, seated with a small group of Russian laborers in front of a table on which a branch of cypress stuck in a bottle gave a faint illusion of Christmas to the dirty port cafeteria—in all of these I lived again in a barren past. Only in Harbin, in North China, did that Christmas spirit manifest itself, and then I regarded as good luck the kindness of the man who found me standing late one night, cold and hungry, under a street lamp. My money had been stolen as I lay asleep in the railroad station. With neither money nor prospect of work, shivering in the bitter wind that howls across North China, I had reached a desperate decision. I would beg from the first passerby enough to start me on my nearly three-thousand-mile journey home. Ashamed, not knowing how to choose or approach the right victim, I waited. A well-dressed woman turned and looked at me with contempt. My courage was ebbing fast when a man touched my shoulder. His (Continued on page 44)

It developed that I was in the home of a rural physician, where I had been brought by the rescue party called by my friend in the nearby village

Illustrator VAN SWEARINGEN



FOREIGN INVASION

By May Dixon Thacker

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES ZINGARO

[PART SEVEN]



IN a low voice, Ma said, "When a strange man come a-gallop in' up to my back door, and tole me Roxanna war sick an' wanted me. I never stopped to question. I hustled with all speed down the river, drappin' the chillen at Dolly's and takin' Lucy erlong."

"'Twarn't nobody at Roxanna's. Right then—I knew I'd bin tricked someways and went straight on down the river to Devil's Den to git Pappy to pole me upstream, home."

"I bumped into a mess o' trouble thar. Found Pappy in a 'argument with the Spenzors because he war quittin' the still. He tole me he war plumb through an' had signed to sell Split Lick an' war goin' to move up Queensport way. Hit sort er stunned me. Yo' Pappy takin' a high hand that-a-way."

"We caught a ride as fer as Dolly's and lef' Lucy thar, because I sensed a feelin' o' bad goin's on. Pappy and me, we set out on foot. Erlong Sandy Ridge, above Pete's Holler, we saw queer doin's an' stopped in our tracks. Thar war nigh a hund'ed men moving around 'way down in Pete's Holler, lak crazy people. A big bonfire lit it all up light as day, and each man carried a pine-knot torch too."

"We saw 'em yankin' a man outten a car an' draggin' 'im erlong toward the bonfire, strippin' off his coat ez they went."

"Hit's a tar an' featherin' party," Pappy exclaimed.

"They'll kill that thar man," I cried. "They're using 'im pow'ful rough."

"Hit'll make trouble fer us all," said Pappy, "The furriners are jest waitin' for 'scuse to pounce. . . I heard 'em talkin'. First chanc't they git, they want to catch a mountain man to make a 'xample out o' 'im."

"I had made up my mind. 'Come on, Pappy. I'm a-goin' to stop hit,' I said, an' broke through the brush, fallin' an' stumblin' down the steep cliffs. I didn't stop to see who was who, but dashed right into the middle o' 'em an' yelled, 'Quit this. Right now! Ain' yo' got no sense! You're a-buildin' yo' own bonfire to be burnt up in! Lissen—you youngsters. . . I'm Cinthy Owens . . . yo' all know me. . . I he'ped bring most o' you chillen into

the world. . . I've laid out you' dead."

"One spoke up. I didn' know who. 'We know you, Mrs. Owens—'

"Then—let that man erlose afore yo' kill 'im.' Right then I saw what the bonfire was made out of; it war bales o' them cheap machine-made hook rugs an' bedspreads. They had caught the man with his car full. I knew then—how desp'rate our mountain men were."

"What good'll hit do yo' to torment this one man? You air up agin' bigger things than any *one* man. Likely he's jest paid to haul them things—he ain' nothin'. You're done 'nough to 'im. Don' you see he's tuk all he kin? He's plumb passed out. If you kill this man, hit won' settle nothin', hit will start worse things. The officers will git ever' mother's son o' you. They're comin' on Sandy Ridge—right now. Run! Skeedaddle! I'll 'tend this man."

"I thought up that fib erbout the officers—quick—an' hit worked, fer shore 'nuff, they all tuk to thar heels, dunkin' thar torches in the mud. Pappy stopped two o' 'em to he'p him. They had a car, an' we got the man inside an'—thar he is," pointing to the bed where the injured man lay in a deep sleep.

"I wonder—who he mought be," Ma added.

"Don't you know who he is?" I whispered.

"No," shaking her head. "Hit don' matter—"

"Yes it does matter. That man is Jim Hartman, who—who—" I stopped.

Ma turned astonished puzzled eyes full upon me.

"The man—Pappy chided you erbout?" she whispered. "The 'furriner' who war runnin' atter you, 'tacin' yo' with this and that?"

I nodded. "He's married." I couldn't say more.

"And to think—I brought that man into my home," she sighed, wonderingly.

She sat in silence a long time. Poor Ma! It did seem like all her world had collapsed, crumbling on her head. Her precious Bible was gone—stolen; Pappy was selling the cabin she had lived in all

of her life and the preceding generation of her family. Family was everything she had! Everything she wanted! Family and—home! And her Bible; and now—she had saved the life of the man who had tried to wreck her daughter and had brought him into her home. . .

I got up and put my arms around her bony shoulders and held her tight. "Don't you mind, Ma. It's all coming out for the best. I'll help you, always. I'll stick by! You don't have to worry about me." Her only response was a gentle pat on my shoulder.

"You go to bed now, Milly, and I'll do the same. We kin think better in the mo'nin'" she said.

She stretched herself on my bed, utterly spent, but well I knew there would be no sleep for her. I lay still, beside her, listening to the breathing of the man on the bed across the room—wondering at the strange fate that had brought him into my life again. . .

Very soon, the physical triumphed and I was fast asleep—to awaken as the sunlight streamed into the east window of the cabin, above the empty table on which Ma's Bible had lain those many years.

The keen air of the mountains was in my nostrils from the smashed-in front door; the air I had breathed when I was born. . . Ma's figure was bent over the fireplace; she was preparing our breakfast. Jim Hartman's even breathing told me that he slept on.

I jumped out of bed, alert and refreshed, and slipped into the print dress worn the previous day; my clothes were in Miss Wray's car. Dashing my face with cool water from a tin pan on a shelf across the end of the porch, I was wondering how the tangle in which we all seemed to be enmeshed could ever be straightened out.

Then I came back into the cabin; I felt eager and strong enough to master any contingency. I threw my arms around Ma and hugged her tight.

"How are you, darling?" I asked. Then, seeing the look in her drawn, harassed eyes, I added, gently, "Oh, I'm sorry. Did you sleep at all?"

She shook her head. "Can't say I did. I had a heap o' thinkin' to do—" She stopped abruptly, considering where to begin. She said, "You say—this man Jim Hartman is married? Whar's his wife?"

"She's going to get a divorce," I told her.

"But she's his lawful, wedded wife, ain't she? I don't know much erbout divorce bis'ness. 'Pears lak they ain't much I do know, no more. Whar is his wife?" she repeated.

"I—really do not know," was my reply.

"She oughtta be here," Ma stated, emphatically. "He's powe'ful bad off. He mought die. Her place is here with him. I'm goin' to send fer 'er."

"She won't come—probably."

"That's her conscience. I reckon she'll come. Most women air good that-a-way. Hit's mounting nature and hit comes mighty nigh bein' human nature the world over. I reckon."

Ma placed my coffee and plate, with a strip of bacon and a sizzling egg and two hot biscuits, on the table and her coffee and plate next to it and we sat down to-

gether. It was a precious moment, somehow; intimate and sacred and—understanding. There hadn't been many such moments alone with her, in her crowded life.

Her manner, after she had solemnly bowed her head in a little silent grace, indicated that she had something important to say. After a time, as we ate, she began, in the familiar firm voice;

"Milly—I wantta tell you that I don't feel ez turrible ez I did about my Bible bein' stolen. I've done a powe'ful sight o' thinkin'. I believe hit war a jedgment sent on me by God . . . punishment fer my *pride*, the worldly store I set in that Book. Nobody else in all the settlement had sech a Bible. I war puffed up with vainglory fer what the Book stood fer in my fam'ly. God don't lak sech pride because hit is His own Word that counts and mus' have first place. He chastened me. He tuk hit from me."

"I don't believe God had a thing to do with it," I flared up. "We can't blame things like that—on God. It was some criminal thief who stole your Bible to sell it for big money—"

She interrupted, "But Milly, God 'lowed hit to happen. No thief could-a done hit, thout God let 'im. Hit war His jedgment on me. Hit makes me feel powe'ful 'umble. We musn' cherish nothin' earthly lak I did that old Book."

I thought I saw an opening I had been waiting and hoping for. "Then Ma, you ought not to cherish this old cabin and cling to it's memories, ought you? Oh, I know how you love it . . . but, is it right for you to keep us all down?"

"But—hain' that diffe'ent, Milly? Hain' hit?" she asked.

"I wonder—if it is," I mused. "You see, Ma, nothing can ever be the same again with us. If we stay here, soon we'll be looked down upon as pore white trash. We ought to hold our heads high, like you always have."

"I'll hold my head high, Milly, whar-ever I be. High an' 'umble befo' God! An' you chillen must always do the same."

"We just can't—if we stay on here," I told her. "Every body's getting out and away, and doing things. Maybe we're all coming into better things. I saw Queensport—and oh, Ma—"

I longed to tell her of my new hopes and purposes but the arrival of a car in the front yard interrupted me. It was Miss Wray, the Welfare Officer, bringing my boxes of clothes as she had promised. She had heard the news already. It had spread like wildfire over the community; that Ma had taken Jim Hartman from a mob.

Jim Hartman! The man who had made love to Milly Owens (for this fact was well gossiped also).

Miss Wray said, "I know you meant the best, Mrs. Owens, but—" Ma cut in quickly. "Wal, I aint sorry. Hit don't matter so much what folks talk. They might a-kilt this man and then—what a

I awakened as the sunlight streamed into the east window of the cabin. Ma's figure was bent over the fireplace; and she was preparing our breakfast, I dressed and ground some coffee, to help her out



(Continued from page 29)

heap o' trouble thar'd a-bin fer eve'body."

"You did it—out of the Christian kindness of your heart; we know that. The point is—what to do next? How is he?"

"He aint woke up," Ma replied, but before she had finished, Miss Wray was entering the cabin to see for herself. She stood by the bed and gazed down at Jim Hartman whose head was swathed in crude bandages.

"He's too bad off to be moved—much," said Ma who had followed.

"We must get a doctor," was the Welfare Officer's first comment.

"I reckon," agreed Ma. "Though nature's doin' her best. His sleepin' that-away. 'Tain' nothin' lak nature to mend us up. But he's powe'ful bad; I wanta send fer his wife."

Miss Wray smiled. "I was hoping you'd say that," she said. "I know where she is—in Queensport. If there's nothing I can do here, I'd best dash along and bring her right over and, on the way I'll send a doctor—at once."

The Welfare Officer paused, considering, then she asked, "Mrs. Owens, isn't there a bed in that old abandoned hut on your place not more than a stone's throw back of the garden? I spent a night there once, you remember? There's a fireplace. Is the bed still in it?"

"Hit's a kinda homemade bunk," Ma explained.

"It can do, nicely. Milly will go down and open it up and air it and sweep it out and make a fire and put on clean sheets and covers."

Miss Wray had thought of everything. I believed it was largely to protect me, to silence gossip, that prompted her to go for Mrs. Hartman. And to get so ill a person out of our cabin was a necessity. The children would have to come home and Vi would be due soon, from Penmore School, for the Christmas holidays.

First I took a broom and ran down the little path around the garden into the woods to the old hut. The door of the hut gaped wide, sagging on its hinges. It swayed drunkenly when I pulled it open. Pappy could fix that.

Inside, looking around—how the memories thronged; hours on end, I had played with Vi in that old hut. Usually mother and child. I was the mother and Vi the very naughty child. We had bits of broken china and little odds and ends of pretty gravel from the river's edge, pine cones from the trees in winter; long strings of chinquapins representing priceless royal pearls and jewels. We had lived in a fantastic dream-fairy world of princesses, kings and knights. Our little homespun slip dresses interfered not at all with the royal satins and ermine in which our imaginations clothed us. . . .

As I worked, sweeping and cleaning, other memories tugged at my heart; how, one Christmas, Jakie brought us each a china-headed doll with hair as black as ink and eyes bluer than any heavens were ever known to be and cheeks redder than June apples. Beautiful beyond words to us. Ma gave us bright-colored scraps from her quilt bag—and how our clumsy little fingers labored with needle and thread to make clothes for those dolls. . . .

When I had built a fire from twigs and scraps of wood and the chill of the frosty

air was being tempered and the place was swept clean, I ran back toward the cabin to get bedclothes.

I took clean sheets and covers and made up the bunk in the hut. I wasn't bothered that Pappy had not come back that night and all day; I believed he dreaded to face Ma about signing to sell.

It turned out that I was wrong. Before the sun went down, I stood in the back door and saw that a rainbow spanned the heavens above Sandy Ridge, and the other



ANY OLD CLOTHES?

Not too old, for they must give protection against the cold wintry wind, and not too shabby, for they must make a man look respectable when he tries to get a job. Look into your wardrobe today, for there is a growing line of men whose shoes are practically without soles and whose clothes are mostly holes. A suit of warm underwear, a pair of strong shoes, an overcoat, can mean life instead of death—a job, instead of charity.

Make up a bundle today and
send it direct to

CHARLES ST. JOHN
at 227 Bowery, New York City



end of it was yet in the hills. I liked that. . . . Presently Pappy came walking in swinging strides, from the highway, right through the rainbow arch. There was a new spring in every step and on his face was a look I had never seen there before.

Some miracle had touched him. The slouching droop of his old shoulders had even lifted a little.

"Hello, Pappy," I called, gayly.

He stopped squarely in front of me and made no answer, only stood there, smiling, the gleam in his tired eyes lighting

all his countenance. "Milly," he said. "I seen the pruttiest farm-site today in all the world, way up Queensport way. Jakie tuk me in his truck. He'll be erlong after while."

Moving up closer to me and dropping his voice to an ominous whisper, he told me the biggest news that had ever come into his life; "Jakie an' me—we both signed up to buy! Hit's *done!* Jakie's the happiest man I ever did see! He war fairly shoutin' all the way back, lak they do in 'tracted meetin's. Said hit war the happiest day he ever knew. Hit war, too."

Pappy paused a moment for lack of breath then continued, "Jakie's goin' to night-school so's he kin larn to talk better. Fer you' sake, Milly. All he thinks erbout is—you! He's jest wrapped up—in you."

I shook my head sadly. "I'm sorry, Pappy. I don't want to marry Jakie—or anybody. I want to work at Queensport and make money, so I can help you pay for the farm. Pappy, I can live at home."

A shadow fell over his face like a curtain dropping. "If only you' Ma wouldn't take on so erbout leavin' here. Thar's a house on my new place, and Jakie 'lows to build—new."

"Maybe it will come out better than you think," I encouraged. "Ma has been busy all day long with Mr. Hartman. The doctor hasn't come yet."

"Is that man—in thar—Jim Hartman?" he asked, incredulously.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Jakie heard that at Hill Top, an' went down into Pete's Holler to make sure," he said. "He'll be erlong soon."

"And so will Miss Wray and the doctor—surely." I told him about the hut being made ready and that Miss Wray would bring Mrs. Hartman.

We entered the cabin. The injured man was still sleeping; had been sleeping all day, while Ma kept watch and ministered her mysterious concoctions of herbs and lotions.

They all came in just before sunset. I met Miss Wray and Mrs. Hartman on the porch. The frail little tear-stained woman who was Mrs. Hartman, shook hands with me silently and went straight into the cabin, guided by Miss Wray.

When I entered, she was standing above her husband and weeping bitterly into a handkerchief. Ma slipped aside.

"Let her cry it out," she whispered to Miss Wray who nodded approvingly.

But she wasn't allowed many minutes, for the doctor's car dashed up outside and soon he had taken charge, with apologies for being unavoidably late. His final verdict was that Ma's "nature" treatment in letting the man sleep was doing its work, but that he was badly beaten up; they would hope there were no internal injuries.

In the meantime, he would be taken to the hut. A hypo was administered to the sleeping patient and he was gently wrapped up in blankets, lifted on to an improvised stretcher made of planks and Pappy and the doctor carried him to the hut.

A chair and a table and one of the children's trundle beds had been moved over there, temporarily, for Mrs. Hartman, whose heart was too full to express what she felt for all Ma's tireless efforts.

"You saved his life," was all she could say, over and over.

(Continued on page 56)



House, Pall Mall, London, the home of Dowager Queen Mary, were equipped with this new-style, bell-shaped sentry box and air-raid shelter, shown alongside the traditional rain shelter

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England at War

YOU will be reading this, probably, three months after Mr. Chamberlain, on that Sunday morning in September, told the world that Great Britain was at war with Germany. Events move so rapidly that it is impossible to guess what world conditions will be when your December *Christian Herald* reaches you. But one thing is certain about your local conditions; you will read your magazine in an atmosphere of complete security. While, as I write these words, an air patrol has flown above Heathstone, as it flies several times a day, a part of the vast fortress of wings Great Britain maintains around these islands against the constant menace of attack.

I don't like any of it! I'm not speaking of the air patrol. For that, I'm thankful, of course. (The planes are just coming back again, flying low. They are bombers.) I mean there is no angle of war that I don't dislike. I thought that the great drama of it would so appeal to the writer in me that interest would counteract horror. But this is not so.

There is nothing dramatic about the withdrawal of our postman, our baker, our bank clerk, our young solicitor-friend, and the substitution of older men who say, quietly, "Bill or Jim or Jack has been called up." For, unlike the last war, when departing soldiers were sped with bands and processions, in this war they go without pomp or ceremony. Last Thursday, when I made a business trip to a neighboring town, I passed a long

line of camouflaged tractors carrying machine guns, driven by the Bills, the Jims and the Jacks, headed for a port and France. Beyond the hedges that bound the lane they were blocking, high against the blue sky, sailed innumerable silver dirigibles, the balloon-barrage against enemy planes. I did not find it interesting. I found it dreadful, and the implications almost made me despair of human decency.

This sense of despair in its wider application is common to all my friends here. It does not mean that the English in any way believe that anything but victory for their cause will come out of this unspeakable effort, a belief which I certainly share with them. But with this grim will to conquer is a blighting sense of hopelessness in humanity's ability ever to destroy war. I think it is this attitude toward war that makes the British so dangerous in the ugly business Hitler has forced upon them. He has roused something in these people that never before has been roused. His ruin is inevitable.

For something has happened to British psychology in the last twenty-five years. Much as I admire the English. I have to admit that always they have been a warlike and a predatory nation. Rudyard Kipling, who was the great toastmaster to Imperialism, was also its great apologist when he wrote, "If blood be the price of admiralty, Lord God, we have paid in full." And until the Great War, his fellow-countrymen believed with Kipling, that British blood paid for British conquest. They don't believe that anymore.



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honore
Morrow

One of the most thoughtful and conservative Englishmen I know said to me the other day that he'd give anything in the world if England could be a mere kingdom and not an empire, with military commitments nowhere except on these islands.

Air warfare, which places these islands within the war zone is a part of the reason which has changed English psychology toward war. But only a part. There has come a universal conviction that war solves nothing; that mass murder is none the less murder, with all the utilities implicit in homicide. For a century, the world has been increasing its effort to save life, to prolong childhood, to make old age more endurable. England has contributed in large share to this growth of mercy toward one's fellows, for it is a growth which thrives best in democracies, and while contributing, she has been preparing the ground for this recent development of an intense desire to conserve her young lives.

Again, when in the years after the Great War, the English counted their dead and maimed, and placed them in the balance against the Versailles Treaty and its results, all the hypocrisies by which they once had justified conquest and imperialism dropped from them and they knew once and for all the emptiness of force as a political instrument.

And it is not alone the well-educated who know this. Every Briton feels it. Every Briton resents this war with all the bitterness of men forced to do violence to their principles, principles in this case which in all but name are religious convictions. The love of peace is one of the attributes of God. In twenty-five years, though the churches may not show it, these people have grown in spiritual thought and act far beyond what 1914 could comprehend. Let Hitler beware.

Is this which I have just written a despairing of human decency? Is it possible that all of us who have been feeling so, have been too inclusive in our despondency? Isn't it possible that in democracy, whose basic principle is love of man for man, there is the spiritual essence which can and one day shall give humanity the perfect peace which the Nazarene promised, "My peace I leave with thee. My peace I give unto thee?" I believe that this will come. And so my hopelessness is crossed by a rainbow.

Inwardly one glooms and sighs, but outwardly one keeps a cheerful front. My daughter Penn who was profoundly shocked by the (Continued on page 61)

Oh, I Shall Never Hear a Song

GENEVEIVE BOWMAN

MARGARET E. SANGSTER
Intro.

Voice

1. Oh,
2 And

I shall nev-er see a
I shall nev-er glimpse a

star
tree

Shine brave-ly on a field of
With tin-sel decked on Christ-mas

snow,
day,

With- out re-mem-ber-ing the
With- out re-mem-ber-ing the

star
gifts

That shone on
That wise men brought

Beth-le-hem,

from long far a go way.

And if I ev-er hear a song

That speaks of cour-age and of rest,

I will re-mem-ber Ma-ry's

song That lulled the Ba-by on her breast.

Stables

Stables are made for stock, I know—
Whinnying horses, bulging mow,
Braying mules with stovepipe ears,
Corn and oats and leathery gears,
Scampering foal on wobbly legs,
Cackling hens and nests of eggs,
Spider webs like curtains hung
Where there are phantom shadows
flung.
But since I learned one far-off day
That a Child was born on a pallet of
hay,
All stables hold more than stock for
me—
One cradled the Christ of Calvary.

RUBY DELL BAUGHER

When Shepherds Came

When shepherds came to Bethlehem
A Baby King awaited them.
A King too poor to own a crown,
Except a bit of star-lit down.
No sceptre, but a rosebud hand;
No power, but love to rule the land.
So poor and helpless and so small
This King within the cattle stall.
And yet the angels at his birth
Came winging softly to the earth,
And even kings kneeled low to pray
Before His manger bed of hay.

IDA TYSON WAGNER

Christmas Here

May angel chorus ring tonight
As in Judea long ago,
And may there shine a heavenly light
To set our weary hearts aglow—
Here in this land.

May majestic, magic star
That guided magi from the East,
Lift our thoughts from greed and war
To seek and find the Prince of Peace—
Here in the West.

May the manger's God-man come
With wondrous love into each heart.
He made a barn a Christian home;
May he this matchless grace impart—
Here in this house.

GEORGE W. REDDING

Christmas Songs and Poetry

This Would I Keep

This would I keep forever in my heart
Among the things the ruthless years may leave;
The glad excitement, wonder and delight
Of Christmas Eve.

This would I hold untarnished through the years,
Although the roads I take may lead me far;
The radiant, molten glory of the light
From one white star.

And oh, to keep the breathlessness, the thrill,
The heart's swift running out to meet surprise,
Never to lose entirely the light
Of childhood from my eyes,

Never to lose the Christmas morning joy,
And never the bright eagerness to give—
God, some way let my spirit keep the shine
Of Christmas while I live.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Let's Go Down The Lane Together

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

GENEVEIVE BOWMAN

1. Let's go down the lane to geth-er To the farm house gate
2. Let's go down the lane that's lead-ing To the You and I?
Hope and faith Oh have we lost them, You and I?
Will we find ro-mance and dar-ing Where the hearth fire gleams?

For the clouds say "Christ-mas weath-er" And the snow-flakes fly! -tate.
Let's go down the path that's plead-ing, Let's not hes-i- high?
Bridg-es have we real-ly crossed them? Heads held high? dreams?
Have we grown too old for shar-ing Lit-tle long lost

Chorus
1 Fra-grant pies, and stock-ings swing-ing, Ten-der eyes and church bells ring-ing
2 Christ-mas Eve and sleigh bells call-ing Can we laugh while tears are fall-ing?

accelerando
Oh, no mat-ter where we roam Lips that smile will call us re-
Trees that shine with tin-sel rain, Hearts that sing an old re-

rit
home, frair Lips that smile will call us home.
Hearts that lead us home a-gain.

Restoring Bethlehem

God keep our hearts so tender
God keep our hearts so kind;
That every child on Christmas mor-
Some lovely gift may find.

Let no heart be unhappy
Let no one lose the glow;
The glad delight of Christmas joy
Which little children know.

For it shall surely follow
In giving gifts to them;
We light again the Christ Child's Sta
Restoring Bethlehem!

LOUISE HERCUS

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Our Supreme Struggle

THE day before German troops crossed into Poland I was in Boston. There awaited me a letter written on a card. It was postmarked "Berlin," and signed "Karl Wetzig and family." Karl Wetzig has been for a generation and longer publisher of literature for a great youth organization that has served not only Germany but the Baltic countries—Poland, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

I met him first in London in 1926. There a friendship was born that has strengthened through intervening years, for I have come to know his lovely family of sons and daughters. Now his sons are in uniform. If they are yet alive they are somewhere with the colors of the Fatherland. He knew the tragedies of that other war that was to end war; his children must know the perhaps greater tragedies of this war. His letter is brief—there are only two sentences: "We remember now those good days of 1930—they seem far away. But whatever happens to our bodies, our hearts are yours forever." That from "Karl Wetzig and family."

What shall we say of these things? Nothing that can be said could add to what the letter itself relates. Here is poignancy beyond oratory and tragedy above the reach of pen or brush. One thing stands clear. Men, women, and little children—whatever their flags and high commands—have a natural unity of heart that crosses all frontiers and transcends all national quarrels. In this unity let us hold fast our love of each other and our vision of that time, however far removed, when wars shall cease.

IF AMERICA shall be spared the ordeals of physical conflict, she must first keep fear and hate beyond her borders and out of her internal affairs. We are of all races and tongues and colors. Our mighty stream of life has been fed by every human fountain of the earth. We cannot fear or hate Germans or English or French or Italians without fearing and hating ourselves. Certainly we must keep the issues clear. Where human freedom is endangered, where religion is ravished and helpless minorities decimated, there can be for us no neutrality of thought. Always when the struggle is thus joined neutrality is sin, but always, too, fear is a fatal weakness and hate the greater sin.

For America the supreme struggle is the struggle now to be waged in our own souls against these hidden, sinister foes that would destroy us there. At the moment we need not be greatly concerned because of possible foes from without, but it is not too soon to concentrate our moral and spiritual forces against these inner enemies. Some of our noblest citizens have already experienced the averted glances and worse, of their neighbors because they, these citizens, or their parents, or even their grandparents, were born under other flags than the Stars and Stripes. God forbid that we should now begin those processes that resulted in a veritable moral debacle twenty years ago when we purged the opera, drove certain languages from the public schools, and even changed our family names. Art and literature cannot be nationalized. Shakespeare and Goethe are the immortals of every people, and our Christian faith should grant us immunity from those mental and spiritual torture devices that were the stock in trade of both priests and conquerors before Jesus came.

If America would be strong she must find her strength in unity and from within. If America would be sufficient for the present occasion and for the unseen event, she must know the love that casteth out fear.

Those who so act as to turn one of us against another, those who, to advance any

cause whatsoever, fill the ether or legislative halls with violent speech or who incite to intolerance, speak neither for or against a foreign power, but only against America.

—DANIEL A. POLING

*"This is the land where hate should die—
This is the land where strife should
cease.

Where foul, suspicious fear should fly
Before our flag of light and peace.

Then let us purge from poisoned thought
That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
Of this great land in which we live!"

*By Denis A. McCarthy

Our Hidden Forces

HOW often you hear people say, "I wish I were an artist!" or "I wish I could play the piano."

They could have, if they had applied themselves. The very fact that they so desire to become something they are not proves that they had the stuff in them from the beginning. All of us have hidden talents, hidden forces which could be developed, as an athlete develops his muscles. Many a staid business man is a potential sculptor—I have known three of them who amazed me by setting up small studios and working, in their leisure hours, with clay. I know a successful novelist who one day visited some artist friends up in New England. He had never had a brush and palette in his hands; but, inspired by the work he saw in his friend's studio, he felt that he, too, could paint a picture. He did. Not one, but dozens. I am no art critic, but I vow his work seemed as astonishingly good as that I have seen in the smaller New York galleries.

Only yesterday I met a lady of sixty (she admits it) who has taken up the beautiful work of bookbinding. With no previous training, but with a desire to occupy her time with advantage, and to make some extra money, she worked hard; and what she has accomplished has electrified her family. No more bridge in the afternoon for her! Instead, she may be found in her little room, with the tools she has come to love, earnestly bending over a new job that fills her life.

You will find many men down-town who secretly love poetry. They keep clippings in their wallets and when things press too hard upon them, they read the lines of the great poets over and over. And many of them, I have discovered, write verse themselves, for their own satisfaction, if for no other reason. More power to them! They are on the right road.

Hold a quiet conference with yourself. You want to speak French? Take ten lessons, and you'll probably take ten more; and then ten more; and finally you will conquer those nerve-racking irregular verbs, and be happier than you have ever been in your whole life. "Another language, another man." There are two, sometimes three people in us all. Bring the others forth. It's great fun. You'll be amazed at the discoveries you will make about yourself. C. H. T.

The Challenge of Christmas

By ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER



"AND....THEY DEPARTED INTO THEIR OWN COUNTRY ANOTHER WAY"

HOW much is tucked away in those luminous words at the close of the Christmas story! They still shine with a bit of the radiance of the star that shone over Bethlehem.

Being wise men, they *must* go back to their own country by roads other than those over which they had trekked to see the star and the Babe! *Wise men could not do otherwise.*

Not only had they been divinely warned not to see Herod again, but they had come under other influences which exerted a strange power that could not easily be brushed aside. They had seen a star, shining high and in clear splendor above the roofs of sleeping Bethlehem. That star heralded the coming of a new order. It was a star of peace, of divine inspiration and heavenly glory. They had heard voices singing a hymn of peace and eternal hope concerning a Prince, a Way-Shower who should lead the nations in paths by which they might not otherwise come to God. And they had laid their rich gifts at the pink feet of the Babe and had worshiped before His regal innocence.

To turn from all that and go back by the same roads would have been prosaic and too utterly drab an experience for men in whose hearts was the shining of a brightly gleaming hope. It would have

those golden notes swelling over the crisp stillness of that wonderful night. The very stars seemed to be shining legions in dazzling white to flank the majestic star which was His. The peace of God had brooded over all that wondrous scene, and that peace was richly present in their exultant hearts as they turned from the manger and the Babe. They must carry that peace back to their distant homes, spreading it wherever they went. There must be no bloodied swords, no harrowing cries of children made fatherless in one flashing moment of damning hate and frenzy that split the sanity of minds fashioned in the very image of God. There must be no legions tramping solidly to slaughter and to death. The feet of wise men had no business on such roadways, ever.

Can you not imagine the awful pangs of astonishment and grief if these wise men had been able to look across the centuries that night and see great empires locked now in the demoniacal embrace of devastating war? What would they have thought if they could have seen the world's greatest city emptied of its children and previously tunneled in order that men and women might scurry like frightened moles to hide in underground shelters of concrete and steel, in the hope that aerial

been quite too uneventful for men in whose spirits was the glow of this fresh courage which gave them added strength for every way into which God might lead them.

How could they have gone back to their homes except by another way?

For they were wise men!

We may remind ourselves that this new way by which they went back was, first of all, a way of peace. No Herod must plant his legions across their glowing path. There must be no bloodshed to crimson the roads over which they should carry the glorious news to men and women and laughing children as they went. Brethren must not be set against brethren, nor nation against nation.

"Peace, good will toward men." The angels had sent

bombs and poisonous gases might not penetrate to find them there? And these peoples, if the wise men could have known it, were among those who had gone farthest, and at greatest sacrifice, to carry the glorious news of the Prince of Peace who had pillowed His head that night in Bethlehem! They had fashioned towering cathedrals with loveliness of line and symmetry of form, and in the beautiful windows of these inspiring houses of worship were pictures of the Babe and His mother and His ministry to the needy and the helpless. And over their high altars was always the cross that was the symbol of His deathless love for all men. But all the while, in the shadows of the cathedrals, and sometimes even directed against them to destroy them, were huge guns and giant bombers and all those other implements of modern warfare which men have designed and improved in order to work fear and hate and death.

How far some of us have strayed from the wisdom and the glory that must find another way when once the Star has been seen and the Song has been heard and the Son of God has looked benignly into our tragic lives and has spoken there His peace and His strength!

Nor should we ever forget that the new way by which the wise men returned to their homes was also a way of enlightenment, of freedom from cramping traditions for the adoring spirit that quests for God. They had come face to face with One who was to grow to a stature by which all other men might judge their moral height, and to a spiritual sublimity that should not seem incongruous with His later utterance: "Whosoever hath seen *Me* hath seen the Father." Men could not laugh in derision on the day when that simple word left His lips. It was not flagrant egotism. And we who read those words centuries later have not found it easy to laugh in scorn. *He*, in whom men later saw the Father, was to be the enlightenment of all who would look to Him. *He* was to teach men reverently that in Him and not in Moses was the final voice for all who grope Godward. The Babe, grown to Manhood, was to be the Light of the world. In His light they *must* travel new roads.

They who looked into His face in the lowly khan that night could not go back to their homes except by another way!

And, furthermore, the way by which the wise men should return was a way of hopes realized. They had come with eager hope to spur them onward, zestfully searching for the promised King who should come. The hours of that long journey to Bethlehem had seemed almost endless and extremely wearisome. On more than one evening the wise men had been almost exhausted when they stopped to find rest and refreshment for themselves and for their jaded beasts. Under the silent gleaming of the stars they had slept, and then, with the breaking of the dawn of a new (Continued on page 57)



December, 1939

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1

THE SECRET OF SERENITY

"DAVID ENCOURAGED HIMSELF IN THE LORD."

READ PSALM 27.

THE past twenty years, if your memory carries back that far, have been trying. Following the frightfulness of war, which brought disaster to so many, and left a heritage of bitter resentment, we entered on what? A time of unparalleled difficulty for business and the individual. The Church has kept the lamp of faith burning in the souls of many, yet others have been driven farther from their moorings. And now the dread scythe of the Reaper is again at work. What must the Christian do? We boast our superior intelligence compared with pre-Christian days. Yet David may put us to shame. When calamity came, instead of railing at his lot, instead of losing faith, he "encouraged himself in the Lord his God." So back to God and to the Word.

Let our trials, O Lord, drive us to our knees, and bring us nearer to Thee. So shall we find the secret of serenity and peace. Through Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2

SACRIFICE

"HIMSELF HE CANNOT SAVE."

READ MATTHEW 27:41-50.

THERE is a famous bronze statue of Mercury, in Paris. But why does it lack an arm? Brianto, the sculptor, was desperately poor. While completing it in his attic studio, the weather turned severe. He remembered the damp clay. Rising from his bed, he wrapped the coverlets around his figure. Next day, his friends found him, lying dead; he was frozen to death. They understood. Yet the frost had broken off one arm. In token of his self-sacrifice, Brianto's statue was cast just as it was. It is an eloquent testimony to one who loved his work more than himself. But what of Christ? "He saved others; Himself He cannot save." That is God's love to us in Jesus.

Never let us forget with what price our redemption was secured. Give us this day to live for Thee, in glad recognition of that love which passeth knowledge. Amen.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3

LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE

"THE GOOD . . . I DO NOT."

READ ROMANS 7:14-25.

MOST of us, aware of it or not, are living a double life! We do not use that term in any unworthy sense. We mean that there is the grim life of reality, in which anxiety, setbacks, troubles and discouragement are bound up with our daily duties. We see the unlovely side of human nature—its meanness and disregard of right. But there is the other life of idealism, noble desire, and spiritual aspiration. This glows with divine radiance. It fills the soul with consuming love for God and man. It reveres the Christ, and seeks to give Him preeminence. Why should there be this duality? It is the natural versus the spiritual. And Christ's purpose is to make the spiritual dominant. Let us make it dominant in our own lives.

O Thou who knowest us altogether, Thou dost see how weak and faltering our feet. Fill our hearts with love to Thee that the highest may ever rule our lives. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 4

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

"HOW GREAT IS THAT DARKNESS."

READ MATTHEW 6:19-23.

KIPLING'S famous story tells of Dick Helmar, an artist whose sight was failing. He had only a few months. And there was his masterpiece to finish. Feverishly he bent to his work. There was no time to waste. With acute pains in his head, shooting lights before his eyes, he kept on. Then one afternoon, it became suddenly dark. He appealed pathetically to his friend to turn on the lights, unwilling to admit what he dreaded. But the blow had fallen. He was blind. The light had failed. In another way, the same thing happens. Men persist in rejecting the light of God's will, until the faculty of seeing has gone. Let us guard the beam of conscience. It is God's gift.

Save us from quenching the light of Thy Spirit. As Thou art ever seeking to guide us into the way of life, give us obedient and responsive hearts. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

"I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

READ JOHN 9:1-7.

CHRIST never makes a promise He does not fulfill. But we must discern what His pledges imply. We sometimes cherish the mistaken idea that, because we are His, no trials, disappointments, and hardships will be encountered. When they come—as they do to us all—there is perplexing doubt. That is where we misunderstand our Master. He did not promise that clouds would never gather, that troubles would never come. On the contrary, He said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." He did not promise a life of light, but He did guarantee the light of life. The beam of His Spirit shall guide, of His grace shall gladden, of His presence shall inspire. It is the light that never fails.

Through the teachings of Thy Word, through the gracious impulses of Thy Spirit, through fellowship with Thee, dispel our darkness, O Lord, that we may ever walk in the light. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6

MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS

"THIS IS NOT YOUR REST."

READ DEUTERONOMY 12:1-12.

THE valley is such a safe place. That is why we prefer it. In summer, the air is soft and vernal. The flowers are a riot of color; the ferns grow in the cool shadows. In winter, when fierce winds blow, their ferocity is held in check by the mountains' bulk. Of course, the heights are well enough, but one cannot get anywhere without climbing. The few tracks are steep and stony. Vegetation is sparse and stunted. The air is penetrating and chill. We prefer the valley! So in life itself. We desire peace and quiet, with freedom from undue effort. But would that produce that rugged, determined character which betokens maturity? God desires the best for us. That is why He points us to the summit.

Thou knowest best, O Father, and when Thou dost set our feet on paths, hard and toilsome, it is only that we may mount. Give us patience, obedience, and responsiveness to Thy promptings. Amen.

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET

"EVERY BITTER THING IS SWEET."

READ PROVERBS 27:1-12.

STRANGE how commonplace things reveal truths which otherwise we might have missed. The photographer would scarcely claim to expound divine things. Yet he proves that, if he is to produce his pictures, he must have both light and shade, brightness and darkness. Without the light, he cannot get the impression on the sensitive film. But without the darkness, without the use of acids, the image cannot be developed and the picture made. Is that akin to life? We love the sunshine and dread the shadows. We want the sweet, but shrink from the bitter. Yet for the development of those graces and virtues which make life beautiful, they are necessary. So commit your soul unto the hand of the unerring Father.

Through every day, no matter what it may bring to us of the agreeable or disagreeable, help us to accept Thy providences with un murmuring hearts, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8

ON MAKING ALLOWANCE

"THE SONS OF ZEBEDEE."

READ MATTHEW 20:20-28.

JAMES and John differed from each other. Yet they, and we, have this in common: They were men in the making. James became brave and intrepid; John, meditative and gracious. But there was a time when they were very imperfect. When that Samaritan village declined to shelter Jesus, these two wanted to call down fire from heaven. When our Lord drew near to the consummation of His mission, these two requested positions of preference in His kingdom. Both instances reveal much that is regrettable. Then we remember: Christ was still shaping these souls. That applies to some of the imperfect Christians about us. Therefore, let us be slow to condemn, swift to encourage, and eager to see the best. So follow the Christ.

Because we all need Thy mercy, and try Thy patience, help us to be generous in our judgment of others, making much allowance for them, little for ourselves; through Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

"WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS."

READ PROVERBS 3:5-17.

A MAN greatly desiring happiness, dreamed a dream. In it, he saw her figure before him. Yet, try as he would, he could not get near enough to capture her. Dejected, he paused to regain his breath. Then the Divine One drew nigh. The man saw that He bore the scars of old wounds on His brow, His hands, and His sandalled feet. "My ways are ways

of pleasantness, and all My paths are peace," He said. "Come, let us walk therein together." Reluctant to give up what he sought, the man at length took the proffered hand. As they turned down the path, lo! Happiness came shyly from the woodlands, and took his other hand. So is it for every humble follower of the Christ. Let us take His hand and walk with Him.

Help us to walk in the ways of Thy statutes, so shall we find not only rest of soul, but true and abiding happiness of heart. For Christ's sake, Amen.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10

THE KING'S BRETHREN

"LIKE UNTO HIS BRETHREN."

READ HEBREWS 2:9-18.

KINGS usually live remote from their subjects. Their brethren are the royal blood. But there have been exceptions. During the World War, when Belgium was invaded, King Albert was driven from his country. We frequently saw the fine chateau which the French government placed at the king's disposal. But only once did we see him there. Why did he not make it his home? He preferred to be with his men in the trenches, behind sandbag emplacements, in their dugouts. Those soldiers were his brethren. He must share their dangers, hardships, sufferings. So did the King of Heaven. Christ could not redeem men, nor even prove His love, without sacrifice. Thus He became one with us to make us His own.

O Christ, who didst become like unto us that we might become like Thee, cheer us with Thine understanding love and comradeship, that we may be strong and brave. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11

IS SILENCE GOLDEN?

"LET THE REDEEMED . . . SAY SO."

READ PSALM 107:1-15.

SILENCE may be golden in some circumstances. In others, it may be black treason. We ought to give thanks to our God for His daily benefits; to encourage those who are about us; to try to put heart into the discouraged, and impart hope to the depressed. The word of genuine interest, of sympathy, of praise, can do so much. But like those of whom the psalmist wrote, the redeemed too often take their blessings for granted. They regard the loving-kindness of the Lord as though it were their right. They receive the ministrations of the home, the service others render through the day, as a matter of course. Yet they often feel appreciative—yet say nothing. Silence here is reprehensible. It is our duty to give thanks aloud.

Give us understanding hearts, so that, as opportunity may arise, we may not only offer our thanks to Thee, our Father, but also gladden Thy children on the way. Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12

TREASURE TROVE

"A TREASURE HID."

READ MATTHEW 13:33-44.

AS CHILDREN, we used to dream of treasure trove. Some old chest, brass-bound and fast locked; some secret panel, sliding back and revealing a forgotten hoard; some pirates' den, where their ill-gotten spoils lay—these aroused our desire. But that man stumbling on the treasure hid in the field, had probably never dreamed of such luck. There is untold enrichment in the Kingdom of divine grace. Christ spoke of it. We may discover such riches by searching for them. We may happen on them, unsuspectingly, as Bunyan did, when the Spirit led him to the cross or when he found justification by faith. The point is, there is treasure in Christ for every soul of man.

Great is Thy love for us, wondrous are the provisions of Thy grace. Save us from impoverished lives with Thy wealth at hand. In Thee may we find enrichment of soul. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13

THE YEARS OF THE LOCUST

"I WILL RESTORE TO YOU."

READ JOEL 2:12-26.

DO WE let the disappointment and reverses of the past embitter us? In "Great Expectations" we discover Miss Havesham, who had been deserted at the altar. Her poor brain was affected, and ever after she wore the attire of that fatal hour. Pip found her, after the lapse of years, with her soiled white dress, and withered flowers in her grey hair. He says, "I saw, too, that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress and like the flowers, and had no brightness left." A tragic picture! Yet it is more tragic when we try to avenge ourselves on life because of what has occurred. God's gracious hand can give us the joy and happiness we have lost.

Save us from self-pity, from that distorted vision which can see only the past, and is blind to the possibilities of the present, with Christ as our helper. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14

TRUE TO OUR COLORS

"HE WOULD NOT DEFILE HIMSELF."

READ DANIEL 1:3-14.

DANIEL and those Hebrew youths deserve acclaim. They were far from home. Surely it was not very important whether they conformed to the customs about them, or remained steadfast to their principles? So many might argue in this broad-minded, not to say spineless, age. They felt differently. To partake of the king's dishes, with some ingredients forbidden them as Hebrews, was rank disloyalty to their colors. They

(Continued on page 64)

DOWN *and* OUT at Christmas



By ALBERT LINN
LAWSON

THE Bowery! Street of dingy, down-at-the-heel buildings, of vermin-infested "flop" houses, pawn shops, second hand (and third- and fourth-hand) pants shops in dirty basements, of low saloons and cheap eating places which serve food that is little better than garbage. The lowest neighborhood in New York, and the ugliest.

But down on that same Bowery, a little below Houston street, under the rickety old Third Avenue "L", there is a building that stands out, in that sad neighborhood, like a gem on a rubbish heap. That building is clean, inviting, brightly lighted at night, always a look of welcome about it.

It is the Bowery Mission.

The street called Bowery is formed by the coming-together of Third and Fourth Avenues—something like the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela rivers, one of which is clear and pure (or used to be), the other grimy and foul. For Fourth Avenue is eminently respectable, and the further up you go the "swankier" it gets, until, uptown, it becomes Park Avenue, which is tops in swankiness. But lower Third Avenue, below Twenty-third street, is one of the lowest sections in New York, pushing its derelicts on into the Bowery—which has plenty of its own. The two streets, Third Avenue and the Bowery, are a unit—a lamentable district, the haunt of down-and-outers, has-beens and "never-wasers."

Along this sad thoroughfare wanders—

The picture above was taken at night, outside the Bowery Mission, where thousands of bewildered men, like those shown on the page opposite, come to St. John for help; and many are saved and rehabilitated, as was the one shown talking to him at the rail of the chapel

or loafs, or staggers—a slow, constant procession of men, and creatures that once were men—men ranging from those who are just temporarily out of luck and still cherish some sparks of hope, to those who are society's hopeless failures—the derelicts, bums, the "scum of the earth" as they are so often thoughtlessly called; but human beings, just the same, whom some mother once sang to sleep—and whom God still loves, and will redeem, if they will only let Him.

These men are all different, the history of no two is exactly the same. To explain why now they are all, nevertheless, here on the Bowery, we would have to know each individual's past in detail. Some owe their present situation to loss of position, and inability, because of hard times, to get another; some have been victims of others' selfishness or dishonesty; some are guilty of no crime except being old; a few, though not as many as some of you may suppose, have slipped and have served time in prison; a very large proportion of them owe their misfortunes to drink. But the important fact is, they are *here*, and common humanity requires that we should try to help them.

And that is where Bowery Mission comes in; its job is to help these fellows, as many of them as possible, to get off the Bowery and get back on their own feet. And it always makes a special effort to give some of them—as many as it can accommodate—a little extra cheer and comfort on Christmas Day. To the outcast, life is hard enough at all times, but to be down and out at Christmas is hardest of all. The Mission, so far as its space and means allow, tries, every Christmas,

to give these men one day of good fellowship, clean, wholesome surroundings, and, for once, enough good food to eat.

So on this Christmas Bowery Mission will have some of these outcasts and unfortunates for guests. They will eat a good, plentiful meal, with dessert and good coffee. The tables will be covered with spotless linen, there will be bowls of fruit and vases filled with flowers. There will be a chapel service, filled with encouragement and hope, and they will sing the old songs they used to sing long ago. Charlie St. John will have an ear for their troubles, and a heart full of sympathy. The neediest will be given decent clothing, they will sleep, once more, in clean white beds. In short it will be a real Christmas, down there on the Bowery. And in the morning, if things turn out as they usually do, some of the men will take new heart, and make an effort to start up the long, hard hill again.

"But," the cynical often say, "why should good money be wasted entertaining these bums? They will just slip back into the old rut the day after; so what good does it do?"

Well, friends, it is not expected that the Mission will reform all these fellows and make new men out of them in a single day. Some of them it probably will never be able to reach; some of them may come just for the dinner, with no thought of attempting to change their lives. But *some* of them always respond to St. John's efforts; some of them do get on their feet, go back to their homes and families, and lead decent lives thenceforward. There are too many authentic



instances for that to be denied. Let some of the men tell you about that, themselves.

The first story is that of a young married man, Jack W——, who made the fatal, fundamental mistake of coming to New York, instead of staying in the small southern town where he was getting along well. For a time—but let him tell it:

"I'm a college man—I'm not by any means the only educated man that's on the bum now, either. Some of these fellows have never been anything but bums, but some of us have. I was an advertising man, in the little city where I lived, and did very well; so well that I made ambitious plans for going into business on a larger scale. I bought a small printing plant, and began to get out my own booklets, circulars, etc., and for a time things went all right. I had a little home that I was paying for, a wife and baby that I was devoted to, and everything looked rosy.

But to take care of my expanding business I needed better equipment. Although I had to go pretty deep into debt to buy them, I plunged and put in new presses and the rest. I felt safe, for I knew, the way my business was prospering, I could pay it all out as I had agreed, and be on Easy Street.

Then, just two weeks after I opened the new plant, the building burned to the ground. The plant was a total loss. I had been so busy that I had put off taking out insurance. So now I was in an impossible fix—couldn't pay my notes, or even meet the payments on my house. A few weeks later the bank closed me out, everything I had was gone, and I was flat broke—when just a few weeks before I had been sitting on top of the world.

But I wasn't whipped—yet. Jobs were already scarce and hard to get, but I

"bucked up," and tried to put a cheerful face on things, especially before my wife. Ellen—that's her name—helped me a lot by showing me what complete confidence she had in me. 'You'll come out all right, John—of course you will. You've got too much ability.' That helped.

"And sure enough, just then came an offer from an advertising agency in New York City. They had seen and liked the stuff I turned out when I was still going along all right, and they wanted me with them in the big town. That looked big—but as a matter of fact it was the worst break I ever made. Of all places in the world, New York is the last one to come to, unless you have money and acquaintances. But for a time it looked as if I were going to get back on my feet, up here; the pay was very good, business was humming, and I could smile and look confident again.

"And then—yes, you've guessed it. The smash, and the depression. My firm stuck it out for a year or two, but things got shakier all the time. They didn't fire me, but they did cut my pay, several times. Then, at last, things piled down on them and they went broke completely, and I was out on my uppers again.

"I made as honest an effort as any man could make, for I *must* have something to do to take care of Ellen and the baby. But there simply weren't any jobs. Thousands of men, like me, were tramping the streets looking for work which did not exist. Anxious lines began to show in Ellen's dear face; I grew more and more panicky. There wasn't a soul on earth that I could apply to for help. My old mother lived in a little southern town, and had a small house and a tiny pension, just enough for her to exist on, alone. I couldn't ask her for a cent. I had pawned everything we had except the worn clothing we had on. There was nothing more to sell, and at last, nothing—literally nothing—for my wife and baby to eat.

"I made up my mind. Without letting Ellen know, I wrote to my mother, and told her exactly how things stood. Then one day I got the reply, and went in to tell my wife what had to be told her.

"Dear,' I said, 'We'll have to face something neither of us wants to do, but there's no way out of it. Mother has sent money for you to go to her, and will take care of you and the baby until I can get a job—'

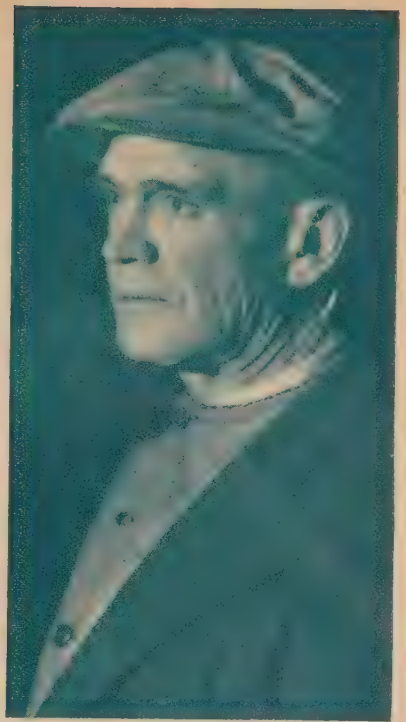
"And leave you? Oh, no, John—not that!"

"But there's nothing else to do—and the baby will have enough to eat. . . ."

"In the end she went, crying, 'Oh darling, you'll get *something*! I know you will, and we will be together again.'

"Well, if I had been downhearted before, now I was completely sunk, discouraged, getting hopeless, doubting if I would ever have a regular job again. A man can't put up much of a fight with an empty stomach, and mine was empty most of the time, now. I began to feel that I would never see Ellen again, for I'd never be able to support her. I began to think of the East River, or a bridge, somewhere.

"Another bum told me of places on the Bowery—I shuddered at the word; to think that I should sink to that infamous street—where there were 'coffee pots' which served stews and the like coarse



food for a few cents; and in order to get those few cents, acting on his advice. I sold the suit I was wearing—my last link to respectability—received a dollar and a bunch of indescribable rags with which I clothed myself. I was a Bowery bum at last, and felt like one.

"Another bum told me of low saloons where, if you bought a drink, you could eat all the free lunch you wanted. So I began to drink, in order to eat. It's a peculiar thing, but somehow a man can always get a drink, even if he can't buy a bite to eat, and before long I was drunk every night.

"How I got by that year I don't know. I sank lower and lower. Ellen wrote to me for a time, General Delivery, but I was ashamed to answer her even if I had had stamps, and after a few months more she stopped writing. I no longer had any feeling of hope, or any other human feeling left. I believed that my life was over. I wished, and hoped, that I might die.

"Then, on Sunday afternoon, as I wandered along, not even able to go into a saloon because I didn't have the price of a drink, I heard the radio going in a parked taxicab. 'This is St. John of the Bowery,' a friendly voice was saying. 'Next Sunday is Christmas, and we are going to have a real honest-to-goodness Christmas dinner down here at the Bowery Mission.' There was more, but I had heard enough. Fellows had told me about that Mission. I had always felt a horror at the thought of going there. But they told me this man St. John was a 'regular guy,' who was willing to help men out when nobody else would look at them. I don't know how the impulse came to me, but I resolved that I would go to that Mission—it was only a few blocks away—and tell St. John my dire situation; and

ask him to see if he could find some way to help my poor wife and child—myself I thought beyond help. No thought of God or religion had entered my mind yet—I would have sneered at it.

“So I went down to the Mission. It was evening when I got there, and a service was going on in the chapel. A kindly-faced man got up and talked. He didn’t preach—just told us, in simple words, that no man was beyond redemption; not to God he wasn’t. Christ came to save everybody, and any man *would* be saved if he would only let *Him* take hold and run things. Feelings began to stir in me that I had forgotten for years. And when they sang some of the old songs I used to sing when I sat by my mother’s side in church, at home, something inside me gave way all at once, and I bowed my head on the pew in front of me and wept. And when St. John invited all who wanted to lay their troubles at *His* feet to come forward, I stumbled up the aisle and knelt.

“‘COME up to my office,’ St. John told me after he had finished with the other men. He took me up to his own room. ‘Now tell me about it, son,’ he said in that kind way he has.

“‘I could see that you were not always this way,’ he told me when I had finished. He gave me a dish of good stew, and some real coffee, then sent me to the bath and a bed in the dormitory. The next day he fitted me out with decent clothes, and we had a long talk.

“‘Do you think you can stay off the booze?’ he wanted to know at last. ‘All right, are you willing to work? It’s nothing that you have been used to—it’s hard, dirty work, but it’s honest. Wait here a day or two, until we’re sure that booze isn’t going to get you again; then I’ll send you to a job.’

“‘I felt that the world was beginning over again, for me. And the Mission, with its warmth and food and decency, and above all *hope*, seemed to me like heaven. The next Sunday I had my Christmas dinner down there, and felt like a man once more.

“‘That’s about all. I have a fairly good job now that the Mission helped me get. It’s hard, and it doesn’t pay much, but I’m prouder of it than of any job I ever had. I hear from Ellen almost every day. I’m saving, little by little, until I get enough to go to her; and we’ll always remember the Bowery Mission and thank it and St. John for saving us—for I would have been dead if it had not been for them.’

That’s not an exceptional story—there are hundreds, probably thousands of others who thank the Mission for hope, and a new start, and even for life itself. Do you think money spent in that way is thrown away?

Then there are the old men. They present a difficult problem, for few of them have any relatives living, or any place to go. Yet some, even of them, are placed by the Mission in homes where they can spend the few years left to them in safety and comfort.

One night two winters ago St. John, making the rounds after midnight, as is his custom, found an old man lying in the alley back of the Mission, where he had lain down to sleep as best he could. It was the day before Christmas, and bit-

ter cold. The old man was half frozen, unconscious, and nearly dead. St. John and his companion helped the old fellow to his feet and got him to swallow some hot soup, then put him to bed. The next day the man rallied, so that he was able to talk. He was very reluctant to tell his story, but by persuasion St. John finally got it from him.

He was an Englishman, a graduate of Cambridge, an engineer and a good one. He had been in charge of construction work in almost every part of the world—Africa, Asia, South America, and every part of the United States. (These facts were all authenticated later.) When he began to grow old, and decided to settle down, he formed a partnership and opened an office in New York City. For a time he prospered; he told later how he had often driven his car past the Bowery Mission on his way uptown from his office, and sneered at it. He had a contempt for men like those he saw on the Bowery—failures, through their own shiftlessness, he believed; he refused, almost angrily, to help any of them when he was solicited. He had always fought his own way—“a man’s hard luck is his own fault,” he would often say. With a flourishing business and a substantial bank account, he seemed justified in looking forward to spending the rest of his years in security and comfort.

THEN came the crash of 1929—and that catastrophe caught him, as it did so many others, and ruined him. His clients were caught also, and could not pay their bills. His firm went to the wall; his bank failed, and left him almost penniless. He had an older brother in England, a prosperous ship builder, and wealthy, but H— had a fierce, stubborn British pride, and would ask help from no man. He struggled on, but success had turned her back on him permanently. His arrogant way had prevented him from making warm friends, and he would not have sought help from them if he had. Things grew worse and worse. He took any sort of odd job he could get—when he could get none, he began, for the first time in his life, to sleep on park benches, or in doorways. His clothing was gone, he was in rags. The last work he had been able to get was a job washing dishes in a Greek lunch room at six dollars a week; his proud nature could not endure the insults of his employer, and after he had worked there only a few weeks, he said just enough to cause the man to discharge him. Winter was coming on, he had no clothing, no money, no place to go—except the Bowery. For three days he had not eaten; the night St. John found him, he had lain down, expecting never to wake again, and resigned to it. Yet he remained stubborn and independent, and it was with something like horror that he received St. John’s suggestion that he let the Mission get in touch with his brother.

“NO!” he snapped, with a spark of his old spirit. St. John studied this remarkable case, and decided to try to break the man’s resistance by using his own tactics, although such methods were out of his usual line.

“Don’t be a complete fool,” St. John snapped back at him. “Do you want to die in an alley, and have all the English papers printing the story of how Mr. Ran-

dall H—’s brother had died in New York, a pauper and a vagabond?”

“The English papers will never know anything about it,” retorted H—.

“Yes they will—for I’ll notify them,” declared St. John as firmly as the other.

That got him. He thought it over a long time, hesitating still. Meantime a cable had gone to the wealthy brother in England, and the next day a reply came—money for the passage, and assurance of forgiveness and a welcome to H— when he returned. Still he held out, till St. John lost patience.

“You’ll go back to England, brother, if I have to tie you up and load you on the ship myself.”

So he finally went; and six months later St. John received a letter from him, apologizing for his rudeness in the face of kindness, assuring him that he was now glad he had been practically forced to do as St. John told him—and enclosing a check for the meals and lodging he had had while at the Mission!

There are many, many old men as far gone as H—, and few of them have a wealthy brother, or a brother of any kind, to take them in. But the Mission has saved many of them; and old or young, one of its chief objectives is to get the men off the Bowery and out of New York, if it is humanly possible to do it. Every year many men, young and old, are sent “back home” by Bowery Mission.

In short, the “Mission’s mission” is to help unfortunate men in every possible way; feed the hungry, clothe the ragged, show them a better way to live and help them make a start in living it; and above all to feed them spiritually, lift up the Son of God, that He may draw these men, also, to Him. And never say “Oh, that fellow is beyond redemption,” for no man is, in God’s sight. Some of the cases apparently most hopeless in the history of the Mission have proved to be its greatest successes. No men ever seemed lower, more hopelessly gone, than John Goode and Karl Behnke, of whom we have so often told you in these columns, yet many of you remember what shining lights they became.

SO THIS Christmas, as you eat your Christmas dinners, safe in your comfortable homes, and give thanks to the kind Father for His gifts, give a thought to these unfortunate outcasts who will be eating their Christmas dinner at the Bowery Mission; for that dinner, and all the good works of the Mission—and are they not many?—have been made possible by your generosity, dear friends of the *Christian Herald* family. And remember, too, that other homeless men, hundreds of them, will walk the streets in the bitter cold, or lie down in the foul alleys, with no dinner at all, and no bed to sleep in, because the Mission has not room enough or money enough to provide for them. So we appeal to you again, friends of *Christian Herald*, you who have never failed us, to contribute all you can. Remember, every dollar you send will help to feed or clothe some homeless man—may even save his life, put the sparkle of hope back into his eyes, renew his faith in God, and turn his feet back up the road toward decent, honest living and security from want. Will you not help, once more?

"But, they don't drink"

By

CHARLES B. MILLS

SOCIETY, like Gaul, is divided into three parts. The division is caused by liquor. Group One drinks anything, anytime and anywhere. Group Two will refuse under all circumstances while Group Three commutes between the two extremes. They simply adopt the habits and customs of their immediate associates. This group, by the way, is expanding.

"They don't drink" are words frequently heard these days as planning hosts and hostesses are building the guest list. A man's ancestors may have come over "First Cabin" on the Mayflower, his grandfather may have discovered the cure for typhoid fever, he may himself have won the Croix de Guerre with palms—but if *he doesn't drink*, poor deluded fellow, he may be playing second fiddle to the local scapegoat. He and his simply do not rate. They are Mid-Victorian. They have, it appears, failed to grasp the finer aspects of our modern democracy.

It may seem idle prattle to say that anyone with common horse sense would let a silly qualification like drinking liquor be a guide in the choice of social contacts. If that is what you think, then think again. It is happening every day. As a matter of fact, it happens to us, and if you are on the dry side it happens to you. There is no need to deny the fact that those who look upon cocktail hour as both smart and important, regard us who do not as relics of bygone days. In fact when we, in our most nonchalant manner, say quietly "no thanks" when the drinks are passed, we get a look which seems to imply that we must also believe in the Easter bunny.

Liquor to me personally is no temptation, so if there are still those who look with favor upon a total abstainer, I deserve none of their approval. The person who does crave alcohol is to be pitied and when one such, in spite of that craving, refuses to drink, he is displaying strength of character which puts us to shame. Yet the new drinkers today are not of the liquor-craving variety. Many of them



Must the non-drinking man face the penalty of lesser opportunities for material progress for himself and his family today?

hate the stuff. They are actually punishing themselves to sit in what they think is the social glow. They have joined the procession simply because they haven't the courage to stay out. They would prefer to soothe the sensibilities of some gracious hostess rather than adopt a virile set of personal convictions. All of which makes us wonder if Americans are by any chance sinking to the level where a nifty-cocktail-mixer sets the social pace. Not many years ago the overly exuberant one was being omitted from the guest list. Today he is in there calling signals.

Liquor is having some unholy influence in the business world too. I have an acquaintance who has a responsible position with a concern whose main office is in New York. This man is a faithful, intelligent, energetic executive—yet he has actually been penalized for his sobriety. When the big shots from the main office arrive for a conference with the branch officials, one evening is given over to good fellowship. My friend, because he does not drink, is conveniently overlooked. His failure to thus become better acquainted with the head officials has actually checked his advancement. Even his superior officers admit it. Can you conceive of a more unfair or a more inconsistent measuring stick in any business than drinking technique? In fact might one not argue that the person who is only at his best under an alcoholic priming may be lacking in native originality? Is there any scientific reason why either a moderate drinker

or an addict should possess superior mentality?

This whole drinking business, aside from being a pain in the neck, is full of laughable inconsistencies. A friend recently related this incident. It had to do with a sort of drinking marathon in which a son and his father, to celebrate the latter's birthday anniversary fittingly, indulged. The wife (and mother) went along, perhaps to keep score, and it was she who reported on the glorious evening. But in the next breath this same mother was boasting that her daughter was soon to be married to a very fine young man and—to finish her story with the proper amount of parental pride—she added, "and he doesn't drink a drop."

Lest we stray from our original hypothesis may we observe that each year more and more people are joining the drinking brotherhood. Many of them say, "we know it is wrong," or "we really despise the stuff, but what are we going to do—stay at home? Catch up with our reading and sleep? Relax and grow old peacefully? Stop dancing? Give up bridge? Just generally drop out of the procession?" Most people, it seems, are compelled to face these issues squarely today as almost never before.

Here is a good example of the modern trend. Frank was a college-athlete, hero type because youngsters greatly admired him. He was a good student, didn't drink, trained conscientiously and was a joy to the coaching (Continued on page 71)

Christmas
jellies in red and green, scented of
mint and of cinnamon, will prove
quick sellers at the church bazaar

By

CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD



IN THE spice jar, the flour bin, the sugar canister wait the sweetest gifts of all. Come Christmas, and home talent with cookies and candies, with mince meats and jams is ever in first demand. Christmas foods need the home touch to give them proper cheer.

That time-saving advice about "cooking once and eating twice" can be made to work with the Christmas goodies. There are home candy bowls and cookie jars to fill, the gift list waits, the church is planning its annual holiday food sale. Plan for all three at one time. Take an afternoon for the salted nuts. Make enough to keep, to give, to sell. Allow an afternoon to candied peels, a box for the church, a box for Aunt Nell, and enough to give sweet lure to the candy bowl at home. Make those things first that keep the longest. As Christmas nears, end up the goody list with last-minute items, candied popcorn, home made fudge.

SALTING THE NUT

Nuts salted and roasted at home are a crisp delight, a gift by themselves. Packed with a box of sweets, they provide pleasant contrast in flavor. Peanuts, almonds and filberts are best crisped in deep fat. English walnuts, pecans and hickory nuts cannot stand such high temperatures. These we heat slightly in oil or butter in a frying pan, then salt. Peanuts may be roasted in a slow oven. "Burnt" almonds are done the same way.

When preparing nuts by these methods, never do more than one kind at a time, as some nuts cook more rapidly than others. Choose nuts as nearly the same size as possible; large nuts cook more slowly than the smaller ones.

To crisp nuts in deep fat, heat one quart of fresh cooking oil in a deep kettle. The Bureau of Home Economics at Washington, in a recent list of various fats adapted to the deep fat frying of potato chips, found that oils are more satisfactory for this purpose than lards. And of the oils tested, peanut oil ranked first as most desirable, cottonseed and corn oils next.

One quart of cooking oil is enough for one-half pound of blanched almonds, raw peanuts or filberts—all weighed after shelling. This amount of oil will not all be used, and that which remains may be kept cold and used another time. Heat the oil to about 300° F., hot enough to brown a cube of bread in five or six minutes.

Roast the nuts by lowering them into the hot fat in a wire basket, one deep enough to prevent the nuts from floating



Yuletide Sweet Talk



Here's a packaging trick for cookies and candy. Cut the wax paper to be used between layers with end tabs, these to serve as handles in lifting out the sweets



Candy that won't dry out if made early is this fruited loaf of raisins, prunes and figs, held together with honey and rolled in toasted coconut

over the top. First try out a few nuts to check the time required to get them right. Roast only to a light brown as nuts continue cooking for a few minutes after being removed from the fat. Spread the nuts on absorbent paper, pat them gently with paper to remove the excess fat and sprinkle with salt.

Halves of pecans, English walnuts, may be salted in the same way. But these should be heated in a small frying pan over low heat, with just enough oil or butter to cover their surface. Stir until hot, then drain on absorbent paper.

Sweet almonds and peanuts we roast in their skins. Spread them over a baking pan, and heat in a slow oven, 300° F., stirring occasionally.

SPICED NUTS

1½ cups confectioners' XXXX sugar	½ pound nut meats
¾ cup cornstarch	1 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons cinnamon	1½ teaspoons allspice
¾ tablespoons ground ginger	¾ teaspoon ground nutmeg
2 tablespoons cold water	1 egg white

Sift the sugar, cornstarch and spices together three times, and place in a shallow pan. Add cold water to the egg white and beat slightly. Dip the nut meats in the egg and water mixture and drain; then drop them separately into the spiced sugar mixture, and then place the pan containing both nuts and mixture in the oven. Bake in a very slow oven (250° F.) for two or three hours. Remove from oven and sift the sugar from the nuts. After cooling, the nut meats will be crisp and spicy.

CRANBERRY TANG

Cranberries, with their tart flavor, their high content of pectin and acid, rate ace-high among the jelly fruits. Used in jelly, sauce, or a raw relish, the cranberry is a pleasing accompaniment to the roast poultry of the holiday meal. For a cranberry relish, wash and drain one pound of cranberries. Wash, cut in quarters and remove the seeds of one orange. Grind the berries and orange (rind and all) through the food chopper, using the fine



Here on rack, on "button-hole" plate, and in fat cookie jar are dates imprisoned in bars; nestled into chewy drops; in frosted hermits; plumped into rolled cookies



A good book to read and Brazils to munch spell a Merry Christmas. The Brazils in the dish are shelled plain, also deliciously salted and roasted



Marshmallow Fruit Taffy is a newcomer in the Christmas gift box

knife. Add one cup of sugar or strained honey and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt. This relish will keep for two or three weeks if stored in a tight jar in a cold place.

MINT JELLY

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup apple vinegar
1 cup water
 $3\frac{1}{4}$ cups (1 lb. 7 oz.) sugar
Green coloring
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle liquid pectin
 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons spearmint extract

Measure vinegar, water and sugar into large saucepan. Mix and bring to a boil, add coloring to give desired shade. Use coloring which fruit acids do not fade. As soon as mixture boils, add liquid pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Remove from fire, skim; add extract, according to flavor desired. Pour quickly. Paraffin and cover. Yield: 5 glasses.

CINNAMON JELLY

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup apple vinegar
1 tablespoon whole cloves
2 teaspoons whole allspice
2 3-inch sticks cinnamon
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups ($1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.) sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle liquid pectin
Red coloring

Measure water, vinegar and spices into 3-quart saucepan. Bring quickly to a boil. Remove from fire, cover and let stand in a warm place 10 minutes. Measure sugar into saucepan and mix with spices and liquid. Place over hottest fire and while mixture is coming to a boil, add coloring to give desired shade. As soon as mixture boils, add liquid pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Remove from fire; remove spices. Skim, pour quickly. To remove all trace of spices, pour hot jelly through fine (Continued on page 50)

CHRISTMAS CHEER RECIPE

Take a bushel of tinsel, sprinkle well throughout the house. Add two dozen stars and one graceful Christmas tree. Take a generous spray of mistletoe, an armload of holly and a full measure of snow laid in curved hills along the windowsills. Toss in a Christmas carol, and season well with good will and friendly laughter. Light the candles, "one for adoration, two for celebration." Let the fire burn brightly and may those you love be near. The yield: one happy Christmas.—C. P.

Food Parade

Cake Lunacy. Cakes have been made that play opera or swing music, that light up like Broadway when the knife cuts the first slice. Now the baker has invented motion cakes. There is a globe of the world made in translucent jelly which revolves when the cake is cut—the world turning to music. The cake is the first step in the development of a real motion picture in frosting—where cartoon figures will actually talk and walk. The originator of these novelties has still another surprise. He has a broadcasting cake. When the first slice is cut the donor's voice speaks out a "Merry Christmas," or soft words from the heart.

The music box and other apparatus are fastened to a firm foundation, then the cake with a hole cut large enough to accommodate the fixture is fitted over top. A line on the paper covering the cake board indicates where to run the knife for the first slice. The cutting releases a trigger and the music bursts forth, figures are set in motion, lights flare. No reason why one of these cakes shouldn't stand right up on two feet and give a political speech or bend a knee and propose matrimony.

These cakes are shipped to every part of the United States, even to foreign countries. They travel by railway express and air express in a box which is also unique. A see-through cover of an acetate material fits down over the cake board. The package ready for mail looks like a cellophane hat box with a carrying handle on top, the cake showing in all its glory. Seeing something fragile makes for believing. The various handlers along the way shuttle it around with greatest care. In the U. S. the charge is a flat rate of \$1.00 a cake for shipment. Cake prices run from \$5 up.

Margarine! What's that? Last year American cooks used almost 400,000,000 pounds of margarine, yet not one woman in ten (you ask and see) knows exactly what the product contains. A definition is in order: Oleomargarine, the American name for this fatty substance, is made of animal or vegetable oils emulsified in milk. Two types are on hand. One is a combination of fats and vegetable oils with the oleo predominating. The second is strictly a vegetable product,

containing either coconut oil or domestic vegetable oils as the principal ingredient. Within the last decade the vegetable oil margarine has marched ahead in popularity. Today about 90 per cent of all American margarine falls into this class. Most recent trend in the industry is the use of domestic vegetable oils to replace the imported coconut. Thanks go to American chemists who have evolved formulas for using oils of corn, cotton, the soy bean and the peanut.

Margarine's latest boast is of vitamin power equal to that of butter. Vitamin concentrates added during manufacture make this possible. As to calories, margarine and butter are equal pound for pound, each containing approximately 3,300 calories.

The view is widely held that butter is more digestible, better absorbed than other fats because of its lower melting point. As margarine is made today, its melting point is close to butter and tests show only the slightest degree of difference in digestibility of fats of equally high melting points. It all boils down to this. There are certain high grade margarines that equal butter in calories, in vitamins, in digestibility, with melting points virtually identical. Such margarines are as nearly butter as any laboratory made product can approach the real thing.

Color Set. Liquid vegetable colors come in sets of four (blue, green, red and yellow) packed in glass containers which release but one drop at a time. The bottle cannot spill. The bottle cap matches the color of the liquid for easy identification. Directions are included for mixing colors to make any shade from violet, to orange to pale lime green.

Tom Thumbs—A small watermelon has been perfected to fit into the average refrigerator; a cross between a Siberian baby melon and a domestic one. Smaller turkeys are being bred for smaller ovens and smaller roasting pans. To relieve apple growers from climbing trees to pick fruit, nurserymen are producing dwarf rootstock trees that mature at ten feet. Now we hear of midget cows being bred in Oklahoma. Otto Gray, the dairy farmer breeder, reports they produce more milk and consume only half as much feed as the normal size cow.

kind voice questioned me, and when he learned that I was friendless and without money, he took me to his home and shared his supper with me. His many children played games around their Christmas tree, and a sense of physical well-being prompted my gratitude. In the morning he offered me the few rubles necessary to start me on my way, money which I later returned, with the feeling that I had merely been fortunate. Thoughtless student days!

A refugee, miraculously escaped from death in a Soviet prison, with thousands of others stranded on the beautiful shore of the Bosphorus, in the meeting place of the representatives of all nations, I see myself in a Russian restaurant, where I performed the duties of bookkeeper and head waiter. Month after month we Russian refugees lived in suspense, between the hope of returning home after the downfall of the Bolsheviks and the sober realization that such a hope would never materialize. Christmas was the busiest time for the restaurant. We expected crowds of customers. Singers, and musicians who used to receive hundreds and thousands of rubles for their appearance in Russia would play and sing for the international crowd tonight for one Turkish *lyra* and a supper. The few Russians who could afford to go to any restaurant would try to drown their grief in wine, complain about their lot as refugees, and recollect their Christmas experiences in Petrograd, Moscow, or Kiev; but I knew that of the international crowd I was probably the only happy person. Two days before I had received my first letter from Russia.

From the first day of my landing at Constantinople, I had written almost every week to my children by my first wife, asking only for information as to whether they were alive and well. There had been no answer. Later, on each envelope I had implored everyone into whose hands the letter might fall to let me know about my children. I had never realized how much I loved them until those days in Constantinople, when any contact with them seemed to be impossible. Had they paid for their lives for my escape? Thousands had been executed in place of their parents. Had they starved to death like many other thousands? Had they fallen victims to typhus, which had been raging in Russia at that time? I had taken advantage of my opportunity to escape, in the hope of finding a way to help them. Distrusting the post office, I sent messages with those who now and then dared to penetrate into their native country, but not a single word was heard from Russia. For months I went daily to the Turkish post office to hear the same reply, "No mail for you." I did not miss a day, and I hoped when there was no hope. And then, two days before Christmas Eve of 1921, the long-expected letter was brought to me by a boy whom I had sent because I was too busy at the restaurant to go. As soon as I glanced at the envelope, I recognized the handwriting of my eldest daughter. I was on duty and could not read the letter; nor did I wish to read it in the crowd. One thought, "They are alive, alive!" possessed my mind. Exercising all my self-control to keep back the tears which veiled my eyes, I put the let-

ter into my pocket. To say that I was glad would not express my feelings. There was a storm of joy in my heart, in every cell of my body. How I hated my duties, that would not allow me a moment for reading the letter! I had to serve all those drunken Russians, Turks, Greeks, and Allied soldiers. Finally, late at night, or rather early in the morning, when the



Above, is a scene in front of the restaurant where Mr. Stacey worked as bookkeeper and head waiter. At the right is an interior view of the same restaurant

last customer had left and the lights were turned off, I rushed from a crowd of waiters and waitresses to a lavatory, the only place where I could be alone, and read the dear lines informing me that all were well, though suffering from scarcity of food.

Yet this association with Christmas was merely coincidence, and not identified with the true meaning of Christmas, because at that time, as many years before and afterwards, Christmas was to me an empty tradition lacking its most essential element—Christ.

I had known Christmas under all sorts of conditions, and the unwinding reels seemed to be endless. No words can adequately express my feelings as the panorama of my life was passing before me. In the wilderness of Northern Russia and in the Arabian desert near Jericho I learned the meaning of "peace on earth," but in my world of selfishness "good will toward men" was a fantastic dream beyond my comprehension. Neither I nor the people with whom I was associated even tried to hide our creed of money worship, an idolatry which left no room for Christ or the true meaning of Christmas.

A changing radio program brought me abruptly back to the present. Carols filled the little room in the parsonage. This, my first real Christmas, was due chiefly to the kindness of the good Christian people who for three months had so encouraged the preaching zeal of their inexperienced pastor that on Christmas night he felt firmly established to serve God and man through the various offices of the church. On the day before they had brought many generous presents to put under the gaily-dressed tree, which my wife and I had decorated for Nicholas. Among all those gifts were a large turkey, and an electric train for the boy, a gift which he understood and enjoyed more than the money "From Scotty," my friend's dog with which he often played.

There was cause for my happiness on that first Christmas observed in the par-

sonage. Though I had been an American citizen for two years, I still felt a stranger in a strange land, until that night. I had known American political and economic history and followed current events, and I could probably vote as intelligently as many native Americans. I could not, however, be blind to the fact that for a great number of people with whom I came in contact I still was a foreigner. It had been especially felt when I had applied for various jobs and could secure none. Life seemed to pass me by. Amidst the rushing activities of New York I had been



alone, as on an isolated island. But that small Christian community perfectly understood our sentiments and not only demonstrated the most delicate approach to us, but with all sincerity and love received us into their family, as if they wanted to recompense us for the great losses we had suffered since the Russian Revolution.

Only in America, where God helped me to find my faith in Him and a new way of living, had the true meaning of Christmas gradually unfolded to me. When despair had driven me to the verge of suicide, the great experience of my conversion, described in the November issue of this magazine, at last revealed to me the import of Christian teaching. It reached its climax on that Christmas night in the small parsonage at Chelsea-on-Hudson. If for three months of my ministry I had had some doubts, on that Christmas night they all were gone. Sitting in front of the glittering Christmas tree, I became certain of my call, and I firmly determined to serve the cause of Christ to the end of my days. While I was silently praying to God for strength and the ability to be His good and faithful servant, I felt that He would answer my prayer, and I was happy.

My wife came downstairs, and as we reconsidered our experiences in Chelsea, I no longer felt that I was a stranger. I knew myself to be an American, the minister of an American church in an American community, a part of the great country where there is place for anyone who wants honestly and earnestly to serve it. And I realized that where wealth and unusual adventure and extended travels had never brought me happiness I had at last found it, through my humble work in this little American town on the Hudson river.

It was after midnight when I turned off the lights of the Christmas tree and asked Mrs. Stacey, "Do you realize that we have found our place in this country?"

"I do," she replied, and like a proud housewife added, "and we have had our first turkey dinner in America."

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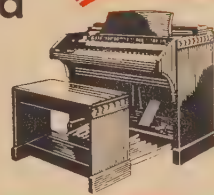
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Manuel Quezon of the Commonwealth was about to embark upon a ship bound for America. A corps of husky guards kept him company to the gangplank, eyeing the crowd suspiciously. Why? Reason enough; there had been threats, there had been street disturbances, there had been open talk of violence.

Uncertain of their jobs or already jobless, the underpaid only slightly less hungry than the penniless, many Filipinos were walking the streets, their nervous tropical temperaments inciting them to outbursts against the pressure holding them down. There were bands of unemployed—unemployed cigar workers, unemployed sugar workers, unemployed cocheros. The unions were trying to carry them, but charity was running out. The government was the only hope, their government, the four-year-old Commonwealth, symbolized in the dapper President at Malacanan.

BUT nothing seemed to come, only empty, unenforced promises. As usual, when men grope for a straw, many of them followed impulsive leadership, grew violent in their protests against being deserted and left helpless.

Then came the day, several months later, when Don Manuel Quezon came home the conquering hero from a more-or-less farewell tour of the States. The bodyguard was dismissed. The danger was gone. Why? Again, reason enough; there were no longer the frenzied yell of the pack, full of hate and fear; it was the full, firm voice of men standing together, their demands rational and determined.

Not many except insiders know the role Mrs. Perez played in converting that mob of unemployed into a socially constructive body of the Commonwealth. They were hectic days, and no public servant's life was safe. The way was made more difficult by sentimental charity-dispensers who viewed the whole problem as one for the dole and nothing more. Over and over again Mrs. Perez found her way blocked, first by misunderstandings and cutthroat rivalries among the workers, then by the paternalism of her friends in the suburbs, then by her own failing health.

The situation blackened. Menacing mobs staged protest marches. Leaders were clapped into jail, and the mobs took up the battlecry of persecution. To expect a leader to emerge from such a population was to expect the impossible. The strong organizations were unwilling to make room for minorities. There were Marxists and Spanish Fascists, rabid nationalists, young and old, craft and industrial workers, villagers and city-dwellers. What was more, none of the groups' spokesmen could penetrate to Malacanan, the Philippine White House.

The grim hopelessness of the situation showed itself to no one more vividly than to the head of Manila's Associated Charities, Asuncion Perez. In her day-to-day job she was engulfed in the problems and tragedies which unemployment and poverty had brought. She was the frequent confidante of those groups who were most violent in their protestations to the government. Moreover, she was honestly respected by the President. The govern-

ment gave her organization an annual subsidy (without strings, she insists) and had confidence and trust in her work.

Mrs. Perez knew the picture from beginning to end. She, like the workers and many politicians, knew that the government was going to have to help. She saw the demands for relief go up while the private funds went down. Discouragement, discontent, poverty, sickness were at her door every day. She knew what filth, exhausting work, hunger, wretched homes were doing to the minds and bodies of a large part of the population. She was encouraged that the people themselves were becoming vocal in their demands, but she was also discouraged that they knew so little about how to ask.

She determined to have a complete draft of the demands ready for the President when he returned. One Sunday afternoon she invited everyone she could get to her home for tea. It is a pleasant little cottage on the outskirts of Manila, where the orchids grow in a sweeping crescent on a giant banyan limb. She had the leader of the peasants, the dock workers, and dozens of others, representing some million and a quarter Filipinos.

Tea and cakes were purely incidental. The big business was the discovery of a common ground for the presentation of their rights at court. Mrs. Perez talked fast. She told her guests to quit scrapping among themselves, to temper their demands, to pool their ideas and their strength. They were skeptical. It meant sacrificing their principles. Would the government be any more friendly to one large body than it had been to them as individuals?

One thing they did not question, Mrs. Perez's sincerity. She was their friend. Many of them had been fed by her hand. Some had been political prisoners in jail, and the Associated Charities had kept their families alive in those years. As one muttered into his teacup, "It's all right, fellows. You can trust Asuncion Perez!"

TWELVE days later, forty-five spokesmen for Manila's hard-hit population and Asuncion Perez were in the office of President Quezon with their petition "for an immediate and adequate solution of the unemployment problem and the low standard of living among the masses."

The thirty points of their petition embodied a full program of social reconstruction with concrete proposals: public works to absorb the unemployed, conservation programs to minimize destruction of life and property, schools, pump-priming, farm loans, relief, housing and slum-clearance, cooperative medical units for the poor-sick, and more cooperatives for provincial marketing. They asked for permanent measures and a permanent solution. The best legal minds in the Philippines had approved the measures.

President Quezon appeared, a man of the people, dressed in the Filipino garb. The scene was dramatic. Slowly, point by point, he read the petition. Each time he put his stamp of approval alongside the demand.

The National Unemployment Council, Mrs. Perez the chairman, had done its work. The government accepted its records as the nucleus of a new bureau, the present National Relief Administration, embodying the demands of Filipino men

and women and standing squarely for their happiness and new sense of citizenship in an enthusiastic young republic. Mrs. Perez continues as an advisory member of the Administration.

When female suffrage was an issue in the Philippines, Mrs. Perez took a leading part in the struggle to achieve the franchise for her sex. Recently, Attorney-General Frank Murphy, former Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, spoke of Mrs. Perez, "Her progressive-mindedness was evidenced in the splendid work she did in the movement to introduce woman suffrage to the Philippines. I found her to be a competent social worker, possessed of a genuine desire to serve the unfortunate."

Speaking of tributes, President Eugene A. Gilmore, of the University of Iowa, who was for eight years Vice Governor-General and Secretary of Instruction in the Philippines, said recently, "I have the highest regard for her personal qualities, her loyal devotion to the work, her sympathetic understanding of the problems, and her efficiency in dealing with them."

Mrs. Perez doesn't have time to regret that her health checked her career as a doctor. Bringing up three children takes a lot of time. She is an official member of Central Student Church. She is also president of the board of the Abiertas House of Friendship, of which she was one of the founders. She is a director of the Philippine Association of University Women, also an adviser of the National Girls' Social Service Guild, also a director of Union Church Hall, and, last but not least, a lecturer on social work at the school of nursing of her alma mater, the University of the Philippines. All of these things, in addition to her being executive secretary of the Associated Charities of the Philippines, an organization with a case load of 20,000 families and spending 80,000 pesos a month.

Since Mrs. Perez's first journey to America, she has made another. It was in 1936 when she came as a delegate to the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, also to investigate welfare agencies serving Filipino boys in San Francisco, Seattle, and New York, and to attend the National Conference of Social Work in Atlantic City. Her husband is a government librarian in Manila.

Mrs. Perez is in the height of her career. Not so many months ago, scores of Filipino working girls were burned to death, trapped behind locked doors and barred windows in a ramshackle fireworks factory in Manila. "This can not be," said Asuncion Perez.

There are hunchbacked men, crouching over boards in dim and stuffy backrooms, making cigars for a few centavos a day. "This can not be," says Mrs. Perez.

FISHERFOLK sit along the beach, a broken bed beside them and a pile of bamboo mats, all that is left of their house which blew away in the last typhoon.

"These are the problems that face us!" Her eyes flash. Asuncion Perez is on a crusade. She will do the job thoroughly, kindly, democratically. And as she gives her life in service to the least of the men, women, and children who are His brethren in the Philippines, she can have the supreme satisfaction of knowing she also does it unto Him.

EARLY MORNING HEADACHES

DO THIS—
RIGHT AFTER GETTING
OUT OF BED

QUICK RELIEF—
STARTS OFTEN IN JUST
A FEW MINUTES

1. Take 2 BAYER Aspirin Tablets with
a glass of water.



2. BAYER Aspirin's quick work may
change your whole day.



BAYER ASPIRIN'S REMARKABLE RELIEF NOW COSTS ONLY ABOUT 1¢ A TABLET

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begins in a few minutes. It feels wonderful.

And since genuine Bayer Aspirin now costs only 1¢ a tablet, two or three cents worth relieves most headaches. So anyone really interested in fast relief can afford it.

But be sure when you buy, to get *fast-acting* Bayer Aspirin. Get it by asking for it by its full name . . . Bayer Aspirin. Never ask for "aspirin" alone . . . when you want the real Bayer article.



15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS
2 FULL DOZEN 25¢

It was while I was in the School of Pedagogy that something took place that changed my whole life. Doctor Kenyon S. Butterfield came to the school to give a series of talks on "The Moral Church." The change his ideas made in me would make you think, honestly, of St. Paul's vision. How can I tell it? He said the supreme emphasis should be put on *people*, on their needs, their desires, their happiness, their decent living, their social life, their good health. It made a great, deep, new impression on my mind.

I had long been troubled enough over the fact that, if I went out in the country for a social time, with games, stories, and a cup of coffee, the place would invariably be packed with everyone from babies to grandmothers, but when I went down for a straight, orthodox service, there might be a handful of timetable saints turn out to hear me. Many a neighborhood feud was wiped away at the sociable but nothing like that happened at the services! Why couldn't there be a combination of the two? If eating together provoked good, Christian feeling, and visiting together yielded Christian fellowship, and children playing together taught unselfishness, then why, in heaven's name, shouldn't they do those things on Sunday?

It seemed to me that, if you had twenty people doing a good thing on Sunday and sixty people doing good things on a week day, you might get fifty or sixty doing all these good things at the same time—and what better time than on a Sunday, when it was to be hoped that they might drink of that spirit that furnishes a good wholesome basis for all their actions.

This new outlook changed my work and myself and my people. "How does your church go?" was asked of a minister in the city. "Why, it goes when I kick it," came the answer. But I didn't kick the missions anymore. My work became natural, instead of artificial; it was being fitted to the people instead of to customs and traditions. Children weren't Sunday School fodder—people weren't pew fodder. The Church was made for them instead of their being made for the Church.

Now, when I started out on a mission trip, I took a lot more than my prayer books and hymnals. I got an express wagon in place of my old buggy, and it was always full. I paid forty dollars for a portable gramophone for combination services and sociables. Magazines and papers were added to my collection, and books that the libraries would give me. I usually took a stereopticon lantern and slides. They have been a tremendous help to me all these years. Instead of putting so much money into books, I began to gather a library of slides. One gets nowhere *hiring* slides—just keep buying a few at a time. I soon had sets on all the parables and on the life of Christ. Today I have enough to cover the whole Bible. We have funny slides too, which delight the children immensely, even though we use them over and over again. "Got your movies with you? Got your movies?" the children eagerly cry. At first it pricked my conscience a bit to admit I had "movies", but in a stereopticon the pictures do move once in a

while! We also have hymns, passages of Scriptures, the whole catechism, and Psalms we can throw on the screen.

With all this craze about modern movies, one might think that my slides wouldn't be popular, but they are. I feel that the good old slide still has its place. We have nearly one hundred slides on our work throughout the years.

Having more time now for my beloved country folks, I would start out on a bicycle for a schoolhouse some miles away. There, I had Sunday School for three children meeting under a tree in the yard, as we had no key to the schoolhouse. I had some "Crackerjack" in one pocket, some Sunday School papers in the other, and some good stories in my head. We had a fine time, and I walked along home with them, pushing my bicycle.

There was a large number of poor children around this section, so this mission grew tremendously. Often they came barefooted. We always had something to eat, played games and stayed around for four or five hours. We sang out of *The Mission Hymnal* published by The Episcopal Church. Our favorite hymns were "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "I Will Sing the Wondrous Story," and "Yield Not To Temptation."

I have always tried to get people to help themselves by giving them a start, especially with their gardens. When, later, we had a farm, I would loan them my horse and wagon, or give them a bag of fertilizer, plow, harrow, and anything else they needed—even to seeds, if they could not get them elsewhere. I would get small size potatoes from Vermont (for many years from my brother).

One family in this section had a fine crop of potatoes (they had nearly ruined my brand new cultivator on the rocks, but that was a small matter). As I stopped in there late one afternoon, I saw a big kettle of those beautiful Green Mountain potatoes boiling on the stove. It seemed a fitting time to suggest baptism.

"Have your children been baptized?" I asked.

"Why, yes, all but six."

"Well," said I, "that might be enough to begin making plans about, anyway."

Later, many of these same children were confirmed by the Bishop at a service held in the schoolhouse.

At this school we always had a lunch after "meeting." I usually took along a can of coffee or cocoa, a good supply of enamel cups, and some franks or sandwiches. The people brought in a cake or two. That gave us time for all sorts of discussions about farming and politics, town affairs, and getting electricity through the rural areas. When the voting machines were first put in, I had a model brought to the school house for them to practice on.

There was one family in this section that would have nothing to do with the ministers, me or any other. One day I gave the children some pictures. They took them into the house, then returned immediately to give them back to me. When I urged them to keep the pictures, they threw them down in the road. The woman of the house stood in the doorway and practically dared me to come in. I didn't go in. Life is sweet.

Some days later I came along, on a

very hot day, and the children told me that their mother was sick in bed. Knowing no minister had ever entered those portals, I didn't venture in even then, but I did say to the children, "You go in and get me a deep dish." I filled the dish with some creamy, cold ice cream I had left over from a party at the schoolhouse, and told them to take it upstairs to mother. It was easy after that. It wasn't long before I had those children climbing into my old express wagon and headed for church.

For a time, in this locality, we could not use the schoolhouse, so we used empty farmhouses. We had strange congregations in those strange houses. We had one old fellow who would never take off his hat; he never did at home, so why should he here? He got a little self-conscious about it, and he went so far as to pull the old hat well down over his ears, but he kept it on.

Those unused houses, though, were ideal for mission work. We had a cheerful fire in the fireplace, and we would roast hot dogs, make cocoa or coffee, or roast popcorn, after service. We also told stories and had a game or two. The old gramophone would be going most of the time.

There was one family down this way, about eight miles from where we lived, that gave us a good chance for constructive work. There were eleven children at that time, all at home, and the man was what he was. Fortunately, he only came home on week ends and sometimes not then.

This family was poor, and the little boys worked so hard on the wood pile and the garden that I decided to help them. One of the hardest trips I ever had was the one I took down there with a horse, lumber wagon, and cultivator. I cultivated all their garden and crops, for I couldn't bear to have the little fellows trying to hoe the hard, weedy ground. Hoeing is hard and hot enough work when the land is well cultivated.

One night I stopped at this same home, hitched the horse down by the barn, and went up to the house. There I found things in pretty bad shape. One girl, about fourteen, had had a run-in with her mother. Although it was nearly dark, she was down in the valley below the house, wandering around in the woods. Johnnie was very sick and running a high temperature. A doctor had been there, left some medicine, and said that he could do nothing more. I really didn't think the boy would live till morning. The father was not at home.

As soon as I arrived, some of the boys rushed to the edge of the woods back of the house and shouted, "Mr. Gilbert has come. Mr. Gilbert has come."

Soon the girl appeared. Then we all had some supper together. (I had some food with me, as I always have when going to the country.) I told stories to the little ones, while the others were doing the dishes. Then we sang hymns. When the little ones had gone to bed, I talked with the older ones. We went in and had prayers around Johnnie's bed—prayers that Johnnie might get well, and that there might be peace and not quarreling in that home.

Really, there seemed to be a peace before I left—with the baby asleep in a

carriage I had brought down, and with Johnnie breathing quietly. Yes, he was better the next morning, and was up and around in a few days.

That family moved away, in time, and all the children grew up and scattered, but every now and then one of them will turn up ringing my front door bell, or at one of my meetings. The very expression on their faces would repay me a thousand-fold for whatever I was able to do for them in the horse and buggy days. When they tell me they'd like to repay me, I tell them they owe me nothing, that St. Peter owes me nothing. This doctrine of "You'll get pie in the sky when you die" doesn't appeal very much to me. I've had my pie handed out to me all along the route.

I know, there are a lot of people who think the minister has the most thankless job on earth. A man asked me once, "Do you really believe there's one minister in this state who actually enjoys his work, and is happy in it?" And I replied, "Well, I can't speak for all of them but there is one I can speak for who is not merely happy but who has the time of his life every day."

What of it, if it is hard occasionally? If a work is a good work, why should we ever think of it as being hard? I don't believe God ever intended us to think of it that way. He expected our work to be joy, not hardship; the very hardship of it should be joy.

The Bishop of Colorado says that "a preacher ought to be a lovable person and no person is lovable who is too solemn over his status in life." Good for the Bishop. What we need is more laughing preachers, more ministers who can see the funny side in the toughest situations.

They used to tell me that "gospel" meant "good news." Very well, good news let it be, but certainly what might be good news to me personally might not be good news to another person. He might have quite a different worry and headache than I.

While I was cutting a girl's hair at school one day, she became very talkative, and told me about her playhouse at home. "You know," she said, "we have two cows and a horse."

"Two cows and a horse!" I gasped, knowing the family's poverty.

"Yes, you see the two small forward tires of an old truck are the cows and one big rear tire is the horse. Every night my brother rolls them down to the brook for a drink, and then puts them back in the barn."

Later, I saw the barn; it was made of white oilcloth, and the playhouse was made from the cab of an old Ford truck.

Looking at the farm where these children lived, I was disillusioned to find that their father's barn had no shingles, and would soon be rotting down. They had a great deal of land, but they could never improve their status without a good barn.

So we got busy. I got the man a position as laborer, taking him to work and bringing him home. Then we got shingles of various kinds, and in a few days the barn didn't leak a drop. Now they could mow their hay and keep it in the barn until they sold it to pay the taxes. They were able to get a horse for its keep.

(Next month—"The Farm.")

"You ought to hate yourself for spanking that child!"



Peggy shows Bill the modern way to bring up their child



1. BILL: You keep out of this, Peggy... I've got to make this boy listen to reason!

PEGGY: You're certainly going about it in a funny way.



2. BILL: Don't you worry—he'll take that stuff if I have to hold his nose to do it.

PEGGY: That's going from bad to worse. Don't you know that using force on a child can shock his entire nervous system?



3. BILL: Who said so?

PEGGY: The doctor! Where do you think I've been all morning! I told him about our struggles in getting Junior to take a laxative. The doctor absolutely "put his foot down" on force.



4. PEGGY: Then I asked him about giving Junior some of the laxative you take, and again he said NO. He said an adult's laxative can be too strong for a tot. So he recommended a modern laxative made especially for children.



5. BILL: Is there such a thing?

PEGGY: Certainly! Fletcher's Castoria. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It's mild, yet surprisingly thorough. It won't form a habit or cause any griping cramps. And it's *SAFE*!



6. BILL: He certainly takes it easy enough.

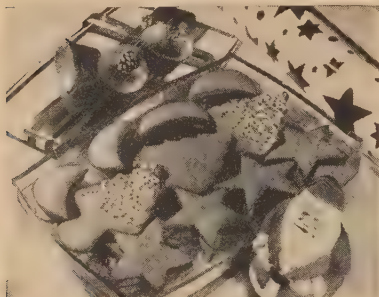
PEGGY: I'll say he does! Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it. I don't see how any home can get along without it!

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(Continued from page 43)

sieve into glasses. Paraffin at once. Yield: 5 glasses (six fluid ounces each.)

Sweets of all kinds belong in the kitchen gift box. Old favorites of course, black walnut taffy, the always welcome peanut brittle. But newcomers belong too, and here we introduce new recipes. First a marshmallow taffy, chewy, but in a new and fluffy way. Flecks of cherries and nuts polka dot the mass. It cooks in five minutes and it is not pulled at all!

MARSHMALLOW FRUIT TAFFY

½ pound marshmallows	¼ cup pitted dates, cut
2 tablespoons milk	fine
¼ cup candied cherries, cut fine	¼ cup nut meats, cut
	fine
	Confectioners' sugar

Place marshmallows and milk in saucepan and heat over low flame, folding over and over until marshmallows are half melted. Remove from flame and continue folding until mixture is smooth and fluffy. Add chopped candied cherries, dates and nuts. Blend lightly. Pour in buttered pan and chill in refrigerator. Mark into strips with a knife dipped in hot water. Then remove each strip, one at a time, roll in confectioners' sugar, and shape into a rope. With scissors cut into pieces, dusting cut ends with confectioners' sugar. Place in refrigerator until firm. Yield: 32 pieces.

Healthy holiday fare for children and adults are these white fudge raisin squares.

RAISIN JIFFY-FUDGE

4½ cups seedless raisins	3 egg whites, slightly
2½ cups chopped walnut kernels	beaten
6 tablespoons butter	1 tablespoon grated
3 pounds powdered sugar	fresh orange rind
6 tablespoons thick cream	1 tablespoon lemon extract
	18 ounces dark dipping chocolate

Wash raisins in hot water, drain and dry on a towel and cool. Cream butter, add sugar and work well into the butter. Add cream, slightly beaten egg whites, orange rind, extract, and work until smooth. Add raisins and nuts and mix well. Add chocolate which has been melted over warm water, work with hands until creamy. Press into waxed, paper-lined pans in desired thickness. May be cut after standing a few minutes, but improves on standing. Peel off paper and cut into squares. Yield: about 6 pounds.

FRUITED LOAF

1 cup dried figs	12 marshmallows
1 cup seeded raisins	¼ cup cooked fondant
1 cup prunes	Toasted coconut
½ cup Brazil nuts	

Boil prunes 10 minutes, drain, cool and remove pits. Put raisins, figs, prunes and nuts through a food chopper using a medium sized cutter; add fondant and mix thoroughly. Cut marshmallows into pieces and mix into the fruit. Divide fruit in half and shape into loaves about one and one half inches in diameter. Roll in toasted coconut and chill thoroughly. Cut in thin slices. To toast coconut, spread in shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown, stirring frequently.

MOLASSES WALNUT SQUARES

2 tablespoons butter	½ cup sugar
1 cup pure New Orleans molasses	½ cup walnut meats
	Few grains salt

Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the molasses and sugar. Stir until boiling starts and again as mixture begins to thicken. Boil to 250° F. or until a drop in cold water forms a hard ball. Add walnut meats sprinkled lightly with salt. Pour into a well buttered pan, cool slightly and mark in small squares.

COOKIE COOKERY

Stock up with plenty of pitted, pasteurized dates (the clean, safe kind), and get your jaws set for enjoyment. Here are recipes for those tested tasties shown in the photograph.

DATE BARS

3 eggs	½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons water	1 package pitted pas-
1 cup sugar	teurized dates
1 cup flour	1 cup walnuts
1 teaspoon baking powder	¾ cup confectioners' sugar

Cream granulated sugar well with beaten eggs and water. Mix chopped dates and nuts with flour, baking powder and salt, sifted together. Combine with egg mixture. Spread one half inch thick in greased pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 20 minutes. When cool, remove side crusts and cut in bars one inch wide and four inches long. Roll in confectioners' sugar just before serving. Yield: 3 dozen bars.

PEANUT BUTTER DAINTIES

¾ cup peanut butter	¾ cup powdered sugar
1 cup (¾ pkg.) pasteurized dates, sliced	2 egg whites, unbeaten

Place all the ingredients in a mixing bowl and stir until well blended. Drop mixture by teaspoonfuls on a well oiled baking sheet or inverted dripping pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 minutes. Garnish with sliced dates if desired. Yield: 18 cookies.

STORE-AWAY HERMITS

2 cups flour	¾ cup shredded coconut
3 teaspoons baking powder	¾ cup pasteurized dates, sliced
1 teaspoon cinnamon	½ cup shortening
½ teaspoon nutmeg	1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt	1 egg
¾ cup rolled oats	¼ cup milk

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Add the rolled oats and coconut. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually then the well-beaten egg and the sliced dates. Add flour mixture alternately with milk. Drop from a teaspoon on greased pan about 2 inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Yield: 30 cookies. Store in a tightly covered tin box.

Mince-meat is a part of Christmas as surely as Santa Claus. Put it into cookies and cakes and coffee rings as well as into pies. Lighten the labor of the holiday cookery by using ready to serve mince-meat in the festive desserts. These mince-meat cookies keep moist a long while.

MINCEMEAT DROP COOKIES

2½ cups sifted flour	1 cup sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder	2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt	1 medium (1 lb.) tin or jar mincemeat
¾ cup butter	

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter and add sugar gradually, creaming thoroughly. Add eggs, beating until fluffy after each addition.

Add mincemeat then fold in the sifted dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoons on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes. Yield: 3 dozen cookies.

There is no drying out problem when foods are honey-sweetened. Honey has a special power—the ability to absorb and retain moisture. In quick bread and cake recipes honey may be substituted, cup for cup, for sugar. But the liquid needs to be reduced. For medium thick honey, if substituted for all the sugar in the recipe, reduce the liquid one-half. If honey is substituted for only half the sugar, reduce the liquid one-fourth.

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(Continued from page 17)

I call rubbin' it in," said Kimball. "Not content with hoggin' the doctorin' here in town, old Doc hires Eddie to drive him 'round to his patients. To my way o' thinkin', it be high time thet Doc Torrey retired. He's made his pile, an' don't ye-ou forget it."

"I am not aware, Ezra, that you have helped me any along that line," barked Dr. Torrey, declaring his presence. "As far as retiring is concerned, I have not the slightest intention of retiring for some time to come."

Presently the doctor went out and then Ezra resumed. "It was the Widder Turner who nursed Eddie's mother durin' her last sickness," he said. "She told my wife as how shortly afore Mrs. Walker died old Doc was settin' by the bed when there come a change for the worse. All on a sudden Eddie's mother took holt o' Doc's hand an' pleaded with him to keep an eye on her boy, an' lend a helpin' hand in case he needed it. Huh! I reckon old Doc ain't forgot thet day, an' so be lendin' a helpin' hand by makin' a chaffeur out o' the boy she was so proud on, the boy she'd slaved to eddicate."

Ed roomed at the doctor's house, though he took his meals a few doors down the road. It was not strange, therefore, that Dr. Torrey talked over many a case with him.

The day came that Dr. Torrey, pleading weariness, delegated Ed to attend a minor case. When he had returned and handed over the customary two-dollar fee, the old doctor promptly pocketed it. As the months passed and winter drew on this became a more and more frequent occurrence. While many patients were accustomed to settle monthly, quarterly, or even yearly, there were those who paid when the visit was made. This latter class handed Ed considerable money, all of which he turned over to Dr. Torrey upon his return to the office.

Finally the story started, as stories will
(Turn to next page)

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(Continued from page 51)

sometimes start, without an atom of fact as a foundation, that Dr. Torrey and Ed were partners. While Ed's professional calls seemed to bear out this supposition, such was not the case. In a round about way it reached Dr. Torrey and he promptly denied that any such understanding existed.

"Thet settles it," declared Ezra Kimball down to the general store. "I'll say this for old Doc—you can depend on what he says. It only goes to show, though, what a mean old money-grabber he be. Ed's doin' a good shar' o' old Doc's visitin' o' the sick, but be only gettin' paid for drivin' the car. It's high time thet Ed woke up."

It was a few days later that Ezra chanced to meet Ed on the road, and reining his horse, he hailed him. "Off makin' some calls, Ed?" he queried.

"I have made several this morning, but now I am homeward-bound," replied Ed. "Dr. Torrey is not feeling very well, so I have made the rounds."

"Well, maybe he ain't," sniffed Ezra, "but I reckon if ye-ou wasn't here, Eddie, he'd make his calls all right, an' not miss nobody. Ye-ou bet he wouldn't! Look here, Eddie! Old Doc be playin' ye-ou for a sucker. Buy 'nother car an' hang out your shingle 'gain. Ye'll make a go on't this time."

"Nothing doing!" shot back Ed. "Dr. Torrey has been too good a friend to me. I am no double-crosser."

The seed of discontent was sown, not in fertile soil, to be sure, but like many another seed dropped by the wayside, it found tiny lodgement and caught root, though quite unbeknown to Ed.

It was about a week later that a northeast blizzard swept the countryside. It began in the morning and by the middle of the afternoon was drifting badly. Early in the evening Ed answered a call that came from a remote section of the town. At the time Dr. Torrey was down to the general store playing checkers with Seth Cunningham.

"There is no sense in both of us going, Ed," declared Dr. Torrey when Ed dropped into the store to tell him about the call. Then, chuckling, "I am too busy trying to corner Seth. You go ahead, Ed, and if it should so happen that you need me, give me a ring, and I will manage to get there somehow with my horse and cutter, or, possibly, my snow-shovel."

Ed made the trip, the last half mile or so on foot, breaking his way through drifts that were too much for his car to master. Arriving at his destination, he found an all-night fight ahead of him—pneumonia. It was to be the sort of battle that won, makes a doctor locally famous overnight. That fact did not occur to Ed.

Homeward bound the following morning, battle-weary, he pulled in to the side of the road. An irresistible desire to sleep had taken possession of him. Lest he should sleep too long in the heated car, he opened the window by his side. It was about that time that Ezra's words came to him—"Old Doc be playin' ye-ou for a sucker." The seed had indeed taken root, and now, now when Ed was utterly exhausted, it declared itself. "Chauffeur-doctor!" he snorted.

Meanwhile, the morning wearing on, old Dr. Torrey, unable to contact the home whither Ed had gone, due to the wires being down, became worried, and long before Ed had started for home he had harnessed his horse to his cutter and was off in search of him. Finally he came upon him something like three miles out from the village. "Sound asleep," he murmured.

As Dr. Torrey drew rein Ed stirred. "You clear out, Ezra!" he muttered thickly. "Old Doc Torrey has been good to me—took me in when I was hungry. Start in for myself? Guess not!" He laughed discordantly. "Dr. Walker died of starvation," he mumbled. "I'm just Ed Walker, a chauffeur."

Dr. Torrey reached in through the window and touched Ed's arm. "Old stuff, Ed," he chuckled, but there was a catch in his voice that belied the smile on his face. "I have dropped asleep on the road many a time in the years gone by, letting my horse find the way home."

"That can't be done with an automobile, Doc," laughed Ed. "There is but one thing to do—pull out to the side of the road and stop."

"And how is the patient, Ed?"

"Going to pull through, Doc."

"Good. Now suppose you pull through to the office. There is another case awaiting you—Joel Crane's wife. When you get back from there perhaps you can have a nap. I said perhaps, Ed. Cheer up, Ed, for it is pay day tomorrow."

One morning a week or so later Ed was hailed by old Leander Reed, a well-to-do farmer, who was yarding out some cordwood. "Still working for old Doc, Ed, I take it?" he queried.

"Yes, still on the job, Mr. Reed," replied Ed, smiling.

"I am a bit surprised at old Doc," remarked Mr. Reed, placing one foot on the running-board. "I have had the most profound respect for him all my life, and I would not do or say a thing to hurt him, but, well, it don't seem as though he were using you just right, Ed. To all intents and purposes he has retired from active practice, as I understand it."

"Well, y-e-s, in a way I suppose that is true," replied Ed slowly.

"I haven't forgotten how you pulled my wife through pneumonia last fall, Ed," declared Mr. Reed. "Now I am going to make you an offer."

"Yes?"

"I stand ready to advance you two thousand dollars, Ed. I would like to have you see old Doc relative to buying out his practice. You can have the money on a ten-year loan basis. Does that sound interesting?"

"It sure does, Mr. Reed," exclaimed Ed. "I—I'll broach the subject to him today. Why—why, that is a wonderful offer you have made me. I will drive out and see you later today and let you know how I have made out."

Half an hour later Ed was haltingly sounding out old Dr. Torrey.

"Buy out my practice!" boomed Dr. Torrey. "Guess not! In the first place I haven't any practice."

"What?"

"I disposed of it several months ago. I have been waiting for a promising young doctor to take it over. The papers have been made out and signed. I have been

paid in full."

"Huh?" gasped Ed.

"That's what I said."

Ed looked blankly at the old doctor. The while, as in letters of fire, Ezra Kimball's words flashed before him—"Old Doc be playin' ye-ou for a sucker." He filled up. Something seemed to be choking him.

"By the way, Ed, this doctor I refer to left his sign here," remarked Dr. Torrey. "While you were hired merely to act in the capacity of chauffeur, perhaps you will not mind taking down my weather-beaten shingle and replacing it with this new one."

"I—I think that you are asking a bit too much of me," said Ed stiffly. Then he walked to the window and stared off across the hills.

Dr. Torrey stepped across the room and placed a fatherly hand on Ed's shoulder. "I—I guess this has gone far enough, Ed," he said huskily. "You—you are the young doctor in question."

"Huh?"

"I had the papers concerning the disposal of my practice drawn up early last fall that you might be protected."

"And I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought," laughed Dr. Torrey. "Now one more word and then you can carry out my request relative to the sign. I have a car for sale. Is it worth three hundred dollars?"

"Four hundred and not a cent less," declared Ed.

"In that case you have something like six hundred dollars coming to you."

"I don't get you, Doctor."

Dr. Torrey stepped to his desk. "Here is an accounting of all the visits that you have made when unaccompanied by me," he said. "Fees paid to you total about one thousand dollars. This money has been deposited to your credit down to the city."

Ed mutely gripped the old doctor's hand. He tried to speak, but his tongue failed him.

"Just a helping hand, Ed," whispered the old doctor. "I—I—" His voice broke. He could say no more.

Half an hour later Ed was at Norma's home. It was the first time he had been there since he broke the engagement. His flushed face frightened her. "W-what's happened, Ed?" she cried.

"Dr. Torrey has disposed of his practice."

"And after all you have done for him, Ed!"

"I am all through as chauffeur, Norma. The last thing I did was to take down Dr. Torrey's old sign and hang the new one."

"You did that?" cried Norma. "I wouldn't have believed—that even you would do a thing like that."

"Why, yes, Norma. You see I am the doctor who has succeeded Dr. Torrey."

"Ed!"

"That's right, Norma." Then he drew her into his arms and told her the whole story.

An hour or so later he was at Mr. Reed's home. The old farmer heard him through, and then gripping Ed's hand, said, "One of God's noblemen, Ed. Look up to him. Emulate him. Follow in his footsteps and you will not go far wrong."

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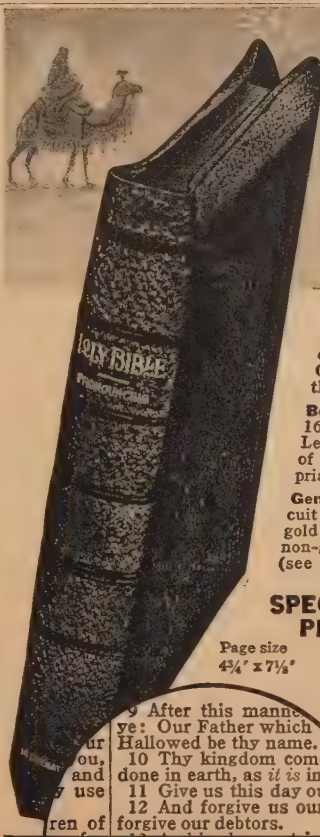
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CURRENT BOOKS

By Daniel A. Poling

THE Arabs have a beautiful tradition that the souls of worthy men, women and little children take possession of the very fibers and timbres of the tents and houses in which they lived; that tabernacles of the flesh come alive with the spirits of the departed. Who has not felt their presence in the halls and rooms of an ancient house? Who has not been companioned as he mused alone before a great fire?

A library is like that. It is alive with those who live upon its pages; and even before you have read the books, they breathe upon you the breath of their lives. Live surrounded by the masters and their works, and you will live the more abundant life.

The Bible of the World. (Viking Press, \$5.00). "The Bible of the World" is monumental; the single volume contains more than 600,000 words in which are covered the vital historical, ethical, spiritual, and literary elements of the eight major world religions: Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Confucianism, Taoism, Judaism, and Christianity. I do not see how any library can justify its exclusion. Modern education places too little emphasis on religion; otherwise informed men and women lack a proper knowledge of the Christian Bible and even those who treasure and use their own holy books are ignorant of other great religions. For the Christian here is quickly available an adequate comparison between his own scriptures and those of other faiths. Inevitably, his love for and his intelligent appreciation of his own Holy Book will be strengthened. Clearly, the volume is no competitor for the Holy Bible, although it does give to "God's word" of the Christian an added triumph.

Notes of Cheer and Comfort, by Richard Maxwell—Richard Maxwell's new book is like himself—warm and glowing. It moves through all the channels of human emotions and finds us where we are in our lives of hunger and hope. If you have heard him with appreciation and gratitude, you will appreciate and be grateful through these pages.

Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal, by Lloyd Douglas. To more than a few million people, a new book by Lloyd Douglas is an event of major importance. A great thing it is for good literature that this pen retains its high purpose and vigor of expression. There is worth and loveliness on every page. It must be said that in his latest story, Douglas is more than ever a preacher—and "high church"! He finds opportunity for a new approach to propaganda, but it (the propaganda) would divide his great audience. He accepts an unusual advantage in having "Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal" discuss in advance of the actual happenings such matters as the Great War and Prohibition. There is a temptation to overdo—and it proves, I think, irresistible. Also, Dr. Douglas should know that worship and

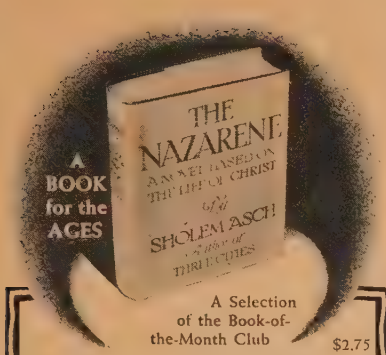
enrichment of the soul are to be found in humble churches and democratic forms as well as in cathedrals. Dr. Hudson, the hero of this novel, who died that "Magnificent Obsession" might live, speaks now for himself. He speaks convincingly!

Highland Shepherds, by Arthur Wentworth Hewitt, (Willet, Clark & Co., \$2.00), is a new volume from the pen of the country preacher who wrote "Steeple Among the Hills." It is said to be the first book written in English for the rural pastor in nearly three hundred years. It deals comprehensively with the rural parish. The "person," the "priest," the "preacher," and the "pastor," are covered—indeed, are searched—by one who has been for more than a quarter of a century shepherd to a rural flock. But not only preachers in rural areas will be profited by this book. The city person will do well to peruse these pages.

What's Funny and Why, by Milton Wright. (McGraw-Hill Book Company, \$2.50.) Learned men of the ages have been wrinkling their brows over what is funny and why—and Milton Wright in "What's Funny and Why," comes nearer answering them, and us, than any writer I have known. Eli Perkins delighted a side-sore America with his lecture "The Philosophy of Wit and Humor." Had he possessed a copy of this book, the country would have had from him at least one more humorous classic. Every public speaker—and every American is or hopes to be that—is waiting for this book.

Crooked Shadow, by Kurt Steel. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00.) An incredible story, for those devoted to the "mystery." But it reads like fact and tunes in immediately on current events. The Dies Committee will page the author if it has not already done so.

Moment in Peking, by Lin Yutang. (The John Day Company.) If Anthony Adverse was a great novel, this is a very great novel. At any rate this is a very great novel. China since the Boxer Rebellion resolutely moving toward her unity is the theme of an epic, a veritable saga of human emotions. The rebirth of the



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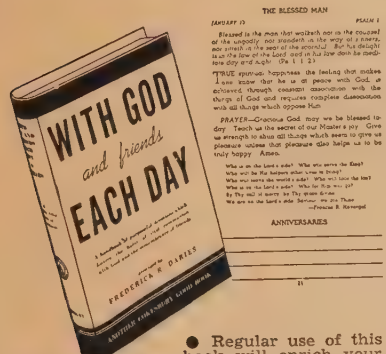
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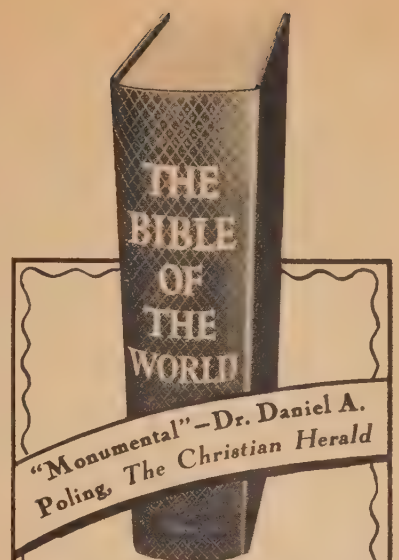
Chinese home and of Chinese customs is one of the messages of one who writes of his own people. There is gentleness and horror, fidelity to the long past, and never does the author yield to the temptation to make his story "pretty" for the West. He paints the lust and terror of invasion and the fortitude that meets it. He dips his pen in the ink of realism, and more than any other has yet done he makes the emerging and united China known to us. It is a tremendous work.

After This, by Ryland Kent. (Harper & Brothers, \$2.50.) A startling book! It has some of the atmosphere of *Outward Bound*, but is quite different. The author has written a gripping story that penetrates the frontiers of the beyond, to give an imaginative revelation of what happens to men and women and little children after death. A disaster in the Indian Ocean in which all hands and passengers perish, is the beginning. Reincarnation, progress toward perfection beyond the grave with the fulfillment of the best, and the triumph of happiness are the major themes of this novel. It is interesting from the first page to the last, but it will not be pleasant reading for the devout Christian. The author is unmistakably committed to the theology and mysticism of the East.

The Church and the Political Problem of Our Day, by Karl Barth. (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.00.) The sale of this book should reach one hundred thousand immediately—for there are more than one hundred thousand clergymen, and this is a "must" book, absolutely a "must" book for the clergy. Karl Barth is recognized by all schools as one of the greatest living theologians. He affirms that the greatest issue of the day for both church and state is German national socialism. He believes that between the testimony of Jesus Christ and the rule of national socialism "no peace is possible." He states, as no other man yet has, the case of the Christian Church against national socialism. Yes, this is a "must" book for the clergy! It will be equally absorbing for other serious readers.

In Place of Splendor, by Constanca de la Mora. (Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$3.00.) Here is the autobiography of a Spanish woman who was a legend during the unspeakable days of the Spanish civil strife. She writes now of that which she saw and suffered. The story is not pleasant reading for those who have English, French, or Italian blood in their veins. It is difficult not to conclude that history will write it down, "Democracy and freedom were betrayed—betrayed and sacrificed by democratic peoples before Franco with his Italian and German allies could win." This book has unusual significance for those who know the story of the struggling Protestant Church in Spain. The government that has been momentarily overthrown was a government of free speech and free worship, and unmistakably it represented the overwhelming majority of Spanish people. It is difficult not to believe that it will rise again.

Men of Power, by Fred Eastman. (Cokesbury Press, \$1.50.) Abraham Lincoln, Leo Tolstoy, John Burroughs and (Turn to next page)



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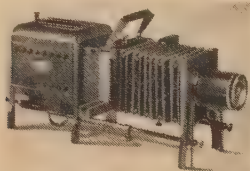
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(Continued from page 55)

Graham Taylor are the immortals Fred Eastman has selected for his fourth volume. He tells their story with careful regard for the facts and always with an inspiring lift. Here is splendid reading for both the young and the older. The power, the sacrifice, the suffering and the glory of truly great living, make luminous these pages.

A Doctor Without a Country, by Thomas A. Lambie, M.D. (Fleming H. Revell Company, \$2.00.) A man and a doctor without a country! Dr. Howard A. Kelly has written the foreword. It is a searching story and an indictment not only of Italy and Ethiopia, but of France and England as well. Here is the record of a doctor who was first of all a Christian and who, renouncing his citizenship, became a citizen of Ethiopia to follow the torch of his healing ministry. It is a moving, human document and cannot be read without deep emotion.

Anthology of the Bible, by Eric Parker. (J. B. Lippincott Company, \$3.00.) "Anthology of the Bible" is a timely and, I think, unique contribution to the literature of the student of religion and par-

(Continued from page 30)

Before we got back to the cabin, I heard another car drive up in front. It was Jakie, who had come—I believed—to plead for Pappy. Jakie would know best how to talk to Ma; he had measured up to every crisis, in a fine, straightforward way, without losing any of his mountain loyalty.

Pappy's kind old face creased into a welcoming smile. He was beginning to lean on Jakie; I could see that—lean on Jakie's superior knowledge of the "furriners" queer ways, their intents and motives. Jakie was his friend; he would be guided by his advice in this strange new world into which they must adventure.

But when we all stood together on the cabin porch and I had a full view of Jakie's face in the dim twilight, my heart sank. It was like a thunder cloud! Jakie, mild and gentle, who had been happier, just a few hours before, than in all his life, was now furiously mad about something! Something terrible had happened to take from him his joy and elation.

"Mrs. Owens," he began in a choking voice, "I've got powe'ful bad news fer yo'."

"Wal, Jakie—I've heard bad news afore. What is hit?" she asked, calmly.

"You' Bible—hit's gone?" he fairly gasped.

"I know that!" she nodded.

"But you don't know who stole hit and that—hit's all burnt up." He paused but no one said anything and he continued, "When I heard, at Hill Top this afternoon, that hit war Jim Hartman the boys had las' war and yo' come erlong an' got 'im, I suspicioned something. I went to Pete's Holler. I found Jim Hartman's coat. Thar war letters in the pockets. I can't read much, but a little, 'nough to make out that he war fixin' to sell you' Bible to a New York man fer twenty-five hundred

ticularly to those who would know their Bibles better and use them more effectively. Here are some of the questions that it answers: What are the best passages in the Bible dealing with children, with music, and with the harvest? Which are the great prayers? Which are the passages treating of friendship, of valor, of temptation, sorrow, and peace? Where can I find a text on the subject of hope—or, indeed, on any other timely subject? "Anthology of the Bible" gives you the answer to the question you ask, now or ever.

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dollars! I got hit—in writin'! Hit war Jim Hartman, the man you saved, who stole you' Bible."

Another pause and more silence. He went on, "I set erbout then to find whar he had put hit. Things were strewn all eround. I searched ever'whar—couldn't find hit. I knew he war bound to have had hit. Then I poked in among the ashes o' the bonfire—and thar I found the burnt cinders, in the middle o' them bales o' goods whar he hid it. Hit war you' Bible, fer shore! Hit all crumbled the minute I teched hit. But in the very middle o' the bale, I found a few leaves lef' with the edges black and burnt, but 'nough to prove hit war you' Bible. . . . Here they air."

As he handed the pages to Ma, Miss Wray put her arm around her; I think she expected Ma to slump to the floor from shock and grief. But she didn't know—what I knew!

Ma held the leaves in her trembling old hands—all that was left of her precious Book, then she turned into the cabin and said, "Come in. All of you."

She walked to the fire and deliberately leaned over and placed those pages in the blaze.

"Thar! Hit's the las' o' my worldly pride. God punished me, Jakie, by taking my Bible. Hit war His doin's and hit's all right."

Before they had time to pull themselves together, to understand her meaning, another car whirled up into the yard. Excited voices reached us; strange voices.

The next moment, three "furriner" officers entered the cabin and laid hands on Jakie and said,

"You're our man, Jakie McRoy. You're under arrest for conspiracy and inciting a mob to riot and violence."

Before we realized what was happening, they had clamped steel handcuffs around Jakie's wrists.

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 35)

day of adventure, they had set forth again toward the western horizon, always questing for the King. And then at last they came to the serene brilliance of that wonderful night when they saw the Star over the sleeping town of Bethlehem.

And now, with their high hopes filled to the brim, they were to go home another way. The Promised One had come, not already crowned and sworded, and not with many legions under waving banners, but in the defenselessness of babyhood and in the wordlessness of infancy.

As they journeyed home by this different way there would be no places, one after another, to remind them of a wistful quest. Instead, their quickened and jubilant spirits were to exult in the wonder of the glorious realization of success after their long search. Each new turn in the road was to bring them *not reminders but challenges*—fresh vistas, far fields, new cities, new villages, new faces. For they were going not in old ways but in ways gloriously new.

How we all need to walk in these gloriously new ways of peace and religious exaltation and quickened hope! Hatred and fear must be put to rout. There will be no enduring peace in Europe or elsewhere unless statesmen and soldiers go back to their own country another way. With the ringing voice of the King in their hearts and with the singing of a great hope in their spirits and with the shining of a great ideal before their upturned eyes, they must—soldiers and statesmen—go home *another way*. That



ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

way must lead to peaceful and industrious living, with beneficence and brotherhood.

This is the challenge of Christmas this year when the holocaust of brutal war desolates many homes and many hearts.

For we are not to forget that the wise men of old returned to their own countries. They may have been good missionaries on their homeward road. But they were to come at last, after weary but wonderful miles, to *their own country*. And there they were to be missionaries indeed. There the wonder and the glory of a star-crowned Bethlehem should overbrim their

exulting hearts and spell out a message of peace and eternal hope for all to read it in the lives of the returned wise men.

Is not this a challenge worthy of Christmas? Of what value are lighted trees, hung with baubles and gifts, unless the men and the women who deck them with Christmas cheer and generosity are to carry something of the continuing glory of Christmas in their lives for another year, to let it radiate where anxiety lifts its head and where gloom benights those whom God fashioned to lift their faces toward the stars? And of what value are frail tinsel baubles, and even precious gifts, unless starry-eyed children shall see, beneath the glitter and the gladness, the Christian love of someone who gives as a lowly but lovely reflection of the giving of God on that night long ago when the angels sang and a Son came to be housed in a manger where the cattle slept?

Shall not we, having offered our gifts, return to our own country another way?

We cannot avoid it if we have indeed been to Bethlehem and have seen the Love that was cradled there in regal glory, though fringed about with humility and lowliness. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Seeing that gift, we cannot return home but by another way than that which brought us to Him!

That is the challenge of Christmas! We must remember the utter gladness of that far-off night, and we must let that gladness sing in our exultant spirits and then we must go out with willing feet and eager hands to bring gladness and hope and help into other lives about us.

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(Continued from page 25)

expected; and on Saturday night his first generous pay-envelope. How life had changed for him in miraculous fashion, how bright his own Christmas would be with Moira and little Irene!

Tired, but by no means worn out after his long day in the store, John doffed his heavy garments late that evening, and hastened home. The chill of the streets—he had forgotten all about them, as he had forgotten how thin his overcoat was. He drew his collar up as he rushed for a crowded trolley and swung aboard. Little did the people around him know, he thought, that he was Santa Claus! He could scarcely wait to get to Moira, up those flights of stairs.

His eyes danced as he kissed her. "Yes! I got it!" he almost shouted, as Moira warned him not to speak so loud, lest he waken Irene, sound asleep in the next room.

"Oh, John me own!" she wept on his shoulder. "How wonderful it is!"

"You've got to see me, and you've got to bring Irene the first day you can, never telling her, of course, who the Santa Claus is! Won't it be great to see how fooled the blessed child will be!"

Moira had steaming hot coffee ready for him; but he said he didn't need it, after the two feasts he had had that day. "Really!" said his wife. "They're as generous as that, are they? Sure the world's a fine place, after all, now isn't it, my man?"

"Indeed it is," John said. "But we must be off to bed, or I'll oversleep in the morning, and wouldn't that be terrible?"

They laughed, and danced a little Irish jig before they turned in for the night.

More crowds, next day. Hordes of children, vast regiments of them, with their nurses and mothers. But the children were always given the right of way to the platform, so that they could shake Santa's hand if they were not too timid; so that they could tell him what they wanted for Christmas, bless their little hearts. One wanted a choo-choo; another a live poodle dog; another a steam engine; another a great big box of candy, and so on, seemingly forever. John was careful to have the parents or nurses listen to these multitudinous requests, so that the youngsters were not be disappointed when the Great Day came round. He would whisper in the grown-up's ears, "Make a note, make a note. 'Twould be awful if they didn't get just what they want, after I've promised!"

School was out at three o'clock, and from then on John watched anxiously for Moira and Irene. Would they never get there? He scanned each face as it came toward him. Strangers, strangers—a long line of them; and finally, when he had almost given up hope (maybe poor Moira didn't have the car-fare to bring herself and the child to the store down-town) there they were, hand in hand in the crowd, pushing their way to the stage.

Irene's eyes were almost popping out of her head. "Oh, Mommie," she was saying to her mother as they pressed forward, "there IS a Santa Claus! Gladys and Jennie were wrong! I *knew* they was

wrong. I'm so glad!"

She took in the round figure all in glowing red and white, eagerly, avidly. This was Kris Kringle, miraculously in this store, and she was on his fat knee, and he had one arm about her tiny waist, and—yes—he bent down and gave her a whiskery kiss on the forehead! He didn't do that to any of the other children. He had heard her remark, and now he said to her, "Sure there's a Santa Claus, my little friend! And I'm him!" What was grammar in a case like this? "An' what would you be wanting I'll bring you on Christmas morning? Tell me, sweet child!"

"Oh, I want a dolly—a nice pretty dolly. An' oh, I would like a red dress," Irene answered, with no doubt that her wishes would somehow be gratified.

"An' those are jus' what you'll get," Santy told her, giving her another hug. No need for Moira to jot the items down! He'd remember.

It was almost pathetic to see the way in which Irene clung to Santy's coat. And John, fearing she might recognize his voice, had to whisper all he said to her. What the child wanted was really to be given to her—and how impossible that had seemed only day before yesterday. But there were so many children to be talked to, to be snuggled in his arms, that he could no longer hold his own little girl on his knee. Reluctantly he let her down, but her eyes never left his bushy countenance, as she found her mother again. And John—he winked at her, and at Moira too, as, in the growing crowd, they moved away.

The next three weeks sped along. The examiner who had taken John on, came to congratulate him one day on his happy work. Department store officials weren't so hard-hearted after all! "You're the best Santa Claus we've ever had," he didn't hesitate to say. "We've never had so big a crowd. Maybe next year. . . ."

Think of that! John said to himself. Another offer of work so far in the future. But what would he do in the meantime, when Christmas was over? More winter, then Spring, and Summer and Fall—my, there were long periods to be filled in somehow. But never mind. Something good would turn up during the new year. No use in worrying—yet. Be grateful for this windfall, for this jolly job. It was fun to be a roly-poly Santa Claus, and have the children love him so, believe in him, and tell him their little secret longings. He would be sorry when Christmas Eve came; when, for the last time, he would have to remove his costume and be—just John O'Neill again. John O'Neill, trudging about the city once more, looking for anything to do.

Christmas Eve came, and with it that strange sadness a holiday always brings to people with imagination. But John determined to be as gay as ever; to give the best that was in him to the tots who gathered round him—rich ones, poor ones, all pleading for what they desired above rubies.

And suddenly, in the midst of the vast throng, John spotted a lady's face that he had not seen for many months. Did his eyes deceive him? No! it was Mrs. Constantine, with her little girl, just Irene's age. Her glance never left him, as she

brought her child close to the spot where Santa Claus sat. "Speak to her, please," she said to the Santa Claus who at this moment was laughing with another tiny girl. And then, as she lifted the child up, and she was close to him, she whispered, "I know who you are! Those eyes—even now I know them! Oh, you John O'Neill, you wonderful John, to be doing this, when you ought to be tending my plants in the green-house down at Syos-set!"

And John, with his merry Irish nature, thought it would be fun to make her believe she had made a mistake.

"What's that, lady?" he whispered back. "I'm no more John O'Neill than you are! I'm just—Santa Claus, dear old Santa Claus, straight from my home way up yonder," and he pointed to the golden star above him.

"No, no! Who could ever forget your shining eyes—those nice, good eyes! And as soon as Christmas is over, you're coming back to work for me. Things have picked up. I can take you on again, thank the Lord, and give you your old job back. How would you like that, John O'Neill?" And she smiled into his more than concealed face, as he took her child into his arms.

"You win!" John whispered. "Even my own little girl never knew me. But you, Mrs. Constantine, bless you, you knew! Who'd have thought it! And can I truly come back? Or am I dreamin'!"

"Of course, of course! I lost your address—you've moved since you left me, but now. . ."

Christmas morning. Irene, in the prettiest red dress ever, with her dolly in her arms, her stocking stuffed with toys. A wonderful hot breakfast, with Moira singing as she served it. Snow falling outside, but warmth and radiance within that tenement where the O'Neills had lived three wretched months.

"There is a Santy Claus! There is, there is!" Irene was saying over and over.

John looked down at her, playing on the floor.

"Of course there is," her father told her. "Whoever told you different, my dear? Everyone who's good, everyone who gives someone else something—oh, that person is Santa Claus! Don't I know?"



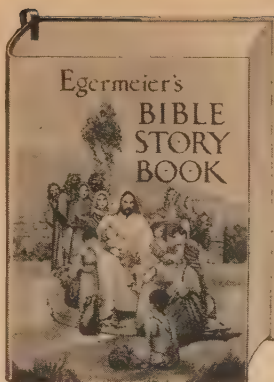
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Of earthly things, this lovely tree
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That in the twilight, cool and dim,
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5 And it shall be as when the harvestman gathereth the corn, and reapeth the ears with his arm; and it shall be as he that gathereth ears in the valley of

ch. 5. 26.
10 Or, reapeth
myself
dwelling.
ch. 10. 16.

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STAMPS . . .

Famous Americans

By Winthrop Adams

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POSTMASTER GENERAL FARLEY has just issued a complete list of the post offices selected as first-day sales offices for the Famous Americans Series soon to be issued by the Post Office Department. The state, post office and famous men to be honored are as follows:

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Maps

Some weeks back we sent all our Club members a free list of maps-on-stamps. The list will stand a lot of additions, right now; the map of the world is changing fast. And maps-on-stamps offers a great chance to build a specialty collection that will be of almost unlimited interest historically and geographically.

Several map-stamps have made history and nearly brought nations into war. An issue from Argentina (Argentina No. 441), caused a three-way row between Argentina, Chile and Great Britain. Nicaragua (No. AP 8) nearly brought on a war between Nicaragua and Honduras. The Gran Chaco War between Bolivia and Paraguay brought out several stamps, with each country claiming the disputed territory. The map of Ireland, on Irish Free State No. 66, making no distinction for Ulster, brought down the ire of Ulster on the heads of the Dublinites, but the stamp remained unchanged. Canada in 1898 issued a set of "Christmas Stamps" (Canada 82,83) which mapped the British Empire, taking in some German territory in South Africa; the Germans protested, but the Post Office never corrected the error. There was no war; evidently neither side was "ready to fight."

A great many readers have been writing in, asking us for the names of reliable dealers. This as we have said before we cannot give in this column, for obvious reasons. But when readers ask, "Can I get stamps anywhere cheaper than the listed catalogue prices?" we gladly answer "Yes!"

Even Scott, who issues the Standard Catalogue listing the prices of stamps, offers from time to time to sell at greatly reduced prices; they recently had a "50% Discount" sale which was widely advertised and patronized. This week there came to the editor's attention the announcement of sales at 75% of (not off) catalogue, and the prospect was so intriguing that he investigated personally. He found the stamps to be good stamps, well centered and gummed and not broken or soiled. We will be glad to forward more information on this 75% discount sale to those of our readers who are on the hunt for reliable dealers selling stamps at such reduced rates. Address a stamped, self-addressed return envelope to Winthrop Adams, and he'll supply you with the particulars.

Philatelic Agency

The Philatelic Agency issues the following bulletin in re the purchase of plate-number blocks: "Until further notice . . . patrons are required to purchase blocks of fifty stamps from the 1c to 3c inclusive; strips of thirty from the 4c to 10c inclusive; strips of twenty from the 11c to 50c inclusive and blocks of four from the \$1.00 to the \$5.00 inclusive"—if they want plate-numbers. Position orders will be filled only by supplying whole sheets. So be ye warned. . .

Question Box

Question: Please tell me where to go for good albums and accessories. I don't mean cheap ones! **Ans.:** Any good stamp dealer has good albums and accessories on display, but for the widest selection we are glad to recommend The American Philatelic Line, 71 West 45th Street, N. Y. C. They will send a 10-page descriptive list on request.

Question: Do you sell the stamps mentioned on your lists? **Ans.:** Sorry. No.

Question: Are old stamps of more value if left on the original envelope? **Ans.:** Absolutely. Never take a stamp off an envelope older than 1900; and I'd be careful about taking any stamp off, at any date, if the stamp has high face or catalogue value. Keep a special album in which you mount the whole envelope, whenever you're in doubt.

Question: I am thinking of saving only U. S. Commemoratives. Which issue will I start with? **Ans.:** The official records of the Post Office Department recognize the Columbian Series of 1893 as the first U. S. Commemoratives. You have to use your own judgment here, however.

first impact of the European crash, took on the work of helping to place evacuated children, and now she has recovered her sense of humor and can even smile when the petrol rationing makes it impossible for her to ride over to Paignton for a favorite cinema show. And I can grin now at our horrible black curtains which we draw at sundown each night. At first, they smelled of death to me but lately—well, let's see, we plan what we can do after the war with thirty yards of black sateen, at one and elevenpence, halfpenny a yard. We make many witty (at least to ourselves) suggestions and that, perhaps, is why I grin!

My other daughter, Felicia, is, you may remember, married to a Belgian. Jules had left the air force and had had a few months in a promising job in a Brussels publishing house when he was recalled to the colors. That was in August. He is somewhere on the frontiers. Felicia sees him once a month. She is not well and I have urged her to come to me. But she prefers to remain in her little flat where she can see Jules, for those few hours out of the month. I don't blame her.

Just outside my study door there is a deep niche in the wall, containing a shelf. A man who knows early English architecture told me once that this sort of niche was used long ago by men-at-arms for their helmets, handy in case of attack. I had forgotten this until Penn and I were wondering where to keep our gas masks and Penn suggested the shelf-niche outside the study. We put them there and it was then that I remembered. "Handy in case of attack" I murmured.

What does one do in a case like mine? Does one abandon the home and the friends whom one loves and make for safety, over waters infested by enemy submarines? I do not know. But I have found in my life that if one lives each day as best one can, invariably the way is shown one. In this my trust never wavers. Always I have been led "by ways I have not known" toward an ever-strengthened sanctuary of the spirit. And because I have this trust, I am not afraid.



CHRISTMAS NIGHT

By Oliver Goldsmith

I open the door with stealth and care,
Scarcely knowing what I'll find there,
To lift my heart as I trace with joy
The treasured trail of my little boy.

His tiny toy dog stands guard at the stair
Minus its tail and part of its hair,
And off in the dim-lit corner hall
Has rolled his big red rubber ball;
And Venetian blinds hang just the way
He left them at the close of day.

Houses of blocks are what I meet
Constructed right on my favorite seat,
And here's his bib with a generous trace
Of a lovable smear from his happy face.
Things are upset wherever he's been
And tomorrow he'll start all over again.

But now, upstairs, his toddling charms
Are safely tucked in the sandman's arms.
GOD, let him continue to spread dis-array;
And THANKS for touching our home—his way.

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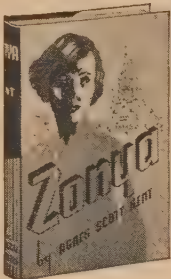
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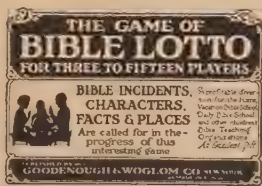
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martyred by pagan hate, Luke had known Jehovah's Temple razed to the ground, its worshippers hunted from covert to covert by pagan soldiery. But Luke established forever the Christmas angels in God's sky, chanting triumphant above all carnage. Against earth's black midnight one may still see the shadowy chapel Gallery that, portrait by portrait, enshrines Luke's faith. Still everyone of us may enter that Gallery, which is a shrine of shelter for all the broken hopes of men. Entering, one may gaze at Luke's central picture flooding all the Gallery with splendor. One looks at a tiny Child, gazing into our souls. His eyes are crystal clear, penetrating as a steadfast fire. The artist has drawn the baby standing though swaddled, all but His outstretched arms. It is as if He were elevated and made erect against the golden manger straw. It is a shining baby face; the lips even smile a little, promise of the grown man who triumphant before His torture shall one day say to His followers, "I bequeath you my joy." The sordid manger straw becomes, as we look, a mass of radiating beams, above, behind, below, the divine Baby of Bethlehem. The rays of spreading glory reach beyond the gallery walls, they glow so far, so far that they even touch with light the black battle smoke in the distant world beyond Judea's pasture plain, and reveal forever Judea's riven skies, bright with tiers of angels.

The rays of the manger glint upon that little word of the gilded script on the stone wall beneath Luke's central portrait, revealing to anyone who searches for it, Luke's name for the vivid word-picture gallery he left for all the world, that small immeasurable word, Hope. Those word-pictures so beautifully described are painted on an imperishable medium, and have remained bright and clear and unfaded throughout the centuries—and will so remain forever.

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Gray hairs are honorable, they say.
What if my eyesight's growing dim?
I still can see to follow Him
Who sacrificed His life for me
Upon the Cross of Calvary.

My hearing may not be as keen
As in the past it may have been;
Still, I can hear my Saviour say
In whispers soft, "This is the way."

The outward man, do what I can,
To lengthen out my life's short span,
Shall perish and return to dust,
As everything in nature must.
The inner man, the Scriptures say,
Is growing stronger every day.

Then how can I be growing old
When safe within my Saviour's fold?
May Davis (Age 82)

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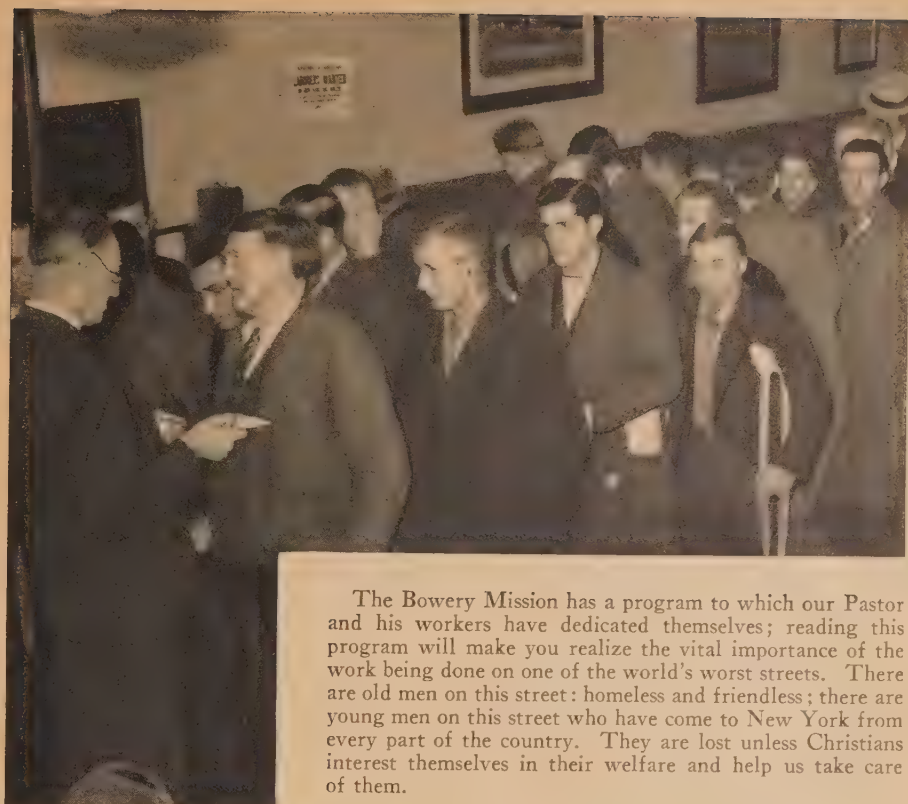
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The Bowery Mission has a program to which our Pastor and his workers have dedicated themselves; reading this program will make you realize the vital importance of the work being done on one of the world's worst streets. There are old men on this street: homeless and friendless; there are young men on this street who have come to New York from every part of the country. They are lost unless Christians interest themselves in their welfare and help us take care of them.

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BREAD alone cannot save the man lost in poverty and sin—he must be given spiritual food as well as bodily nourishment.

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The Pastor of your Mission has made himself their guardian and protector—Charles St. John suffers with them on the bitter nights when there are more men than beds and he has to look a man in the eye and say: "I'm sorry, we have no place for you," suffers when he wonders whether the food will last to take care of the last man on the line. But no man is turned away until he has felt that St. John understands and wants to help him.



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- first:* to preach the Gospel
- second:* to break the habit of drink
- third:* to find employment for men without jobs
- fourth:* to help men re-establish a lost self-respect, awaken ambition and give them a correct outlook on life
- fifth:* to re-unite broken families
- sixth:* to get men off the Bowery before it ruins them
- seventh:* to teach men a thrift they have never known, a care of clothing and how to take care of money
- eighth:* to provide the necessities of life for those who are helpless.

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(Continued from page 37)

could not do it. They were willing to be reasonable and obedient to the law. There were some things, however, which they could not do and be true to God. So they resolutely took their stand—and were vindicated.

Help us, with low standards about us, with the pressure of ungodliness, to be true to Thee, that men may know whose we are and whom we serve. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15

"BEHOLDING HIS NATURAL FACE."

READ JAMES 1:19-27.

DID you look in the mirror this morning? Why, certainly! And you saw what? Your greatest liability or asset, your implacable enemy or your best friend? That seems an exaggeration, yet it is true. The one who has held us back, who has been an obstacle to Christian progress, who has foiled our highest hopes and solemn vows, has been ourself. The snares which have enmeshed our feet, the temptations which have vanquished us, the lack of application and industry, are almost entirely due to one person: in our mirror. We saw that person. What then? We can conquer the self. We can make Christ dominate our lives. There are capacities for noble striving and greater achievement. Shall Christ rule?

Because we are prone to stray from the right, to exert less than our utmost, and because Thou dost merit our devotion, help us today to put Thee first.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16

"HE THAT IS NOT AGAINST US."

READ MARK 9:38-42.

A MODERN poet tells of a strange hermit, whose love for God unhappily excluded his love for man. Righteous in the extreme, he bemoaned the wickedness of the world. Self-righteous also, he left the race to its fate. One day, however, a divine impulse seized him. Obeying it, he walked forth through the streets of the adjacent town, viewing with amazement, the kindly hand outstretched to some in need, the love gleaming in a mother's face, the love written deep on the rough hands of a toiling father. He never imagined such goodness existed. Then, that night as he stood outside his dwelling, "He saw the twinkling starlike glow of light, in the cottage windows far. And thought, how many God's hidden servants are."

For the spirit of service, the helping hands at work, the lives given for others, we thank Thee. Aid us that we may add our little to the sum of goodness.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17

"SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM."

READ MATTHEW 6:24-34.

WE HAVE nothing but admiration for the man who has won his way through. Yet having gained his point, has he won

satisfaction of soul? Take, for instance, Cecil Rhodes. Seeking health in South Africa, he found diamonds and colossal wealth. Entering politics, he became a power in the state. His dream of a Cape to Cairo railroad was partly realized. His home was elegant, yet somber and substantial. Then before fifty, his life was done. In the rocky fastnesses of the Matoppo Hills, he was buried. We miss much by life's frustrations. Would we not miss more by some of its victories? The blessing of the Christian is his confidence in the Father's mindful providence.

So foolish are we, O God, that we disparage the blessings we enjoy because they are not such as others have. Set our affections on Thee. Through Jesus our Redeemer, Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18

"THE FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

READ JOHN 15:1-11.

ALTHOUGH this is winter, through modern methods of preservation and distribution, the fruits of summer still grace our tables. What only the epicure of plentiful purse once could obtain is now within reach of ordinary folk. Our diet would be poorer without such fruits, health-giving and luscious. So with Christian character. It yields its fruits for the world's enrichment. That sounds unusual. The common idea is that goodness is not very good, that righteousness is barren and forbidding. Yet following God's will brings blessedness, happiness and peace. It inspires the kindly and philanthropic ministries which alleviate poverty and sickness, and bring boundless joy to many a stricken heart.

Bless us this day, O Master, that we may be a blessing unto others. May the fruits of Thy Spirit be found in our lives, that Thy name may be honored.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19

"THE LORD SHALL STRETCH OUT HIS HAND."

READ ISAIAH 31.

A STRANGER entered Freiburg cathedral, in Germany. He requested the custodian's permission to inspect the organ. This was reluctantly given. The old man led the way. Then, to his surprise and dismay at such an unheard-of liberty, the visitor asked if he might play it. It took both persuasion and a suitable gratuity before the man consented. Then as the majestic tones rolled around the timbered roof, he asked tremblingly, "What did you say your name is?" "I did not say," came the reply, "but my name is Mendelssohn." "Not the great Mendelssohn?" stammered the custodian, "And I almost refused to let you play!" Are we afraid to let Christ dominate our lives? Would He create discord or harmony? Would He not bring out our best?

Great Master, touch Thou our souls with Thy heavenly fingers. Let not the music of them remain silent. Bring

forth the heavenly chords that the world may know Thy power. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20

"HOW SHALL WE SING?"
READ PSALM 137.

THE Israelites just did not feel like it! They were in a strange country; everything was different. They were oppressed with memories of the days which once were. Therefore, their souls were silent. Had they no memories to recall? Had God forgotten to be gracious? Did the morning light bring no cause for thankfulness for the blessings which were still theirs? We know better. We know that though we may be denied much, we still have ground for thanksgiving: Christ, life, loved ones, home, and work. What more do we need?

We lose sight of our many mercies. We set our hearts in the things Thou hast not given to us, forgetting the things Thou hast made ours. Help us to rejoice. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21

"THE WICKED PLOTTETH AGAINST THE JUST."
READ ESTHER 7.

THE best-laid plans of mice and men, gang aft agley." In the story of Haman and Mordecai, Haman's hatred of the Jews devised a subtle scheme by which they might be destroyed, and his arch-enemy brought to an ignominious death. He laid his plans with cunning and skill. The gallows were erected. There was nothing needed now but to get Mordecai where he wanted him. Then Esther's intercession turned the tables. The gallows received their victim—but it was Haman. So the wicked may plot, but in the ordering of God, their evil desires are brought to nought. We need not be unduly troubled by the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass. God is still God.

Let us so trust Thee, as the supreme ruler of the world that every day we may know that quiet mind, in which we may leave results with Thee. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22

"IT SHALL BE LIGHT."
READ ZECHARIAH 14:1-7.

THE sunlit days of summer need no praise. But who will sing of these December days, dank and chill? Well, every day is crowned with evening. Cowper suggests, "Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast, and let us welcome peaceful evening in." Bang goes the door! Off come heavy coats and wraps! Outside darkness and cold, hostility and worry; inside, light and warmth, happiness and peace. In God's ordering, life has its eventide—and it shall be light. Yet as the cheer of home must be created, so the gladness of the soul depends on ourselves.

Thou who dost give rest after toil,

peace after conflict, help us to accept the good Thou dost put within reach, so that Life's evening may know Thy blessing. Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23

"THE PROSPERITY OF THE WICKED."
READ PSALM 73:1-17.

WHY do the wicked prosper, and the righteous go to the wall? Why is life so unjust, and the scales apparently weighted against honest effort? We are assuming that the wicked do prosper, and that the righteous always come off second best. But do they? Admittedly, if we are satisfied with surface impressions, if we reach our verdict before the case is concluded, if we prefer to trust our judgment rather than that of God, there is nothing more to be said. Yet the truth is that evil does not triumph in the end. The psalmist, like ourselves, was troubled by what he saw. The final word, however, is with God. And we must follow His word, obey His will, and trust.

In our many perplexities, our vision is obscured, our faith clouded. Give Thou us grace to be true to Thee.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24

"IN THE FULNESS OF TIME."
READ ISAIAH 9:1-7.

THE HOUR was dark indeed. The culture and art of Greece no longer flourished. Rome had become mistress of the world. The Hebrew race still retained its identity, but its glory had departed.

AND yet each had made some preparation for the coming Christ. Greece had given the world a universal language. Rome had linked severed peoples by her marvelous highways. Judah had promulgated a true concept of God, had transmitted His promises through her prophets, and so prepared for Christianity. Then came

THE MAN of men, the fulfilment of prophecy, the Christ Himself. Born of the people, His birthplace a stable, His worshipers the wondering shepherds and the adoring Magi, this is the world's Redeemer. The hour brought the Man.

For the glorious fulfilment of Thy promises, the blessings which the Christ-Child brought, we thank Thee. As the happy season approaches, may we realize anew Thine incarnate love. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 25

"UNTO YOU . . . A SAVIOUR."
READ MATTHEW 2:1-12.

"WHAT'S Christmas?" The question is old Scrooge's. The answer is also his. "What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em, through a round dozen of months, presented dead against you?" To which his nephew replies, "I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has

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come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin . . . as a good time; a kind, thoughtful, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely." There we have the spirit of this blessed day.

Enable us, O Lord, to express our gratitude to Thee in Christlike consideration of others. Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26

"IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE."

READ PROVERBS 1:1-10.

OLD SOPHRONIUS loved his motherless daughter dearly. He sought to guide her steps and to shield her from life's temptations. Eulalia resented this. One day, she asked his permission to attend an evening revel, urging that she was no longer a child. Her father took a dead coal from the grate, and bade her take hold of it. "It will not burn thee," he said. "See, it is no longer hot." "It may not burn me," the daughter replied, "but it will certainly blacken my hand."

Here is a vital truth which the shrewdest of us may well heed.

Because we must live where evil can besmirch the soul, we daily pray lead us not into temptation, but give us grace that we may be kept unspotted.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27

"WITH THE WILD BEASTS AND THE ANGELS."

READ MARK 1:1-13.

LUKE presents a graphic picture of the fierce assaults Jesus faced. Hungry, would He misuse His power to satisfy His need? Seeking to found His kingdom, should He resort to base ends to do so? Should he presume on His Father's goodness by flinging Himself from the temple pinnacle? We know the answers. And in those solitudes, he was with the wild beasts. Savage, cruel, ready to rend Him, was that all He saw? Nay, He knew God was near. And angels ministered to Him. So with us: we are often in lonely places of trial. Yet if only we look we shall see good as well as evil. We shall know that God is nigh to all who call upon Him in truth.

Help us to find life's redeeming features, the grace which accompanies every need, the help which tempers all trial.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28

"CONSIDER HIM THAT ENDURED."

READ HEBREWS 12:3-12.

WE WATCHED the art students in the Louvre. Under the direction of their teacher, they were copying some of the pictures. They were only learners, and their efforts to follow the line and colors were far from satisfying. Yet the striking thing was this. They were not copying modern works, nor the pictures of men of average ability. Their attention was focused on the old masters.

The master life is that of Christ. Our lives may fall far, far short of His. Yet there is the unique pattern for us to follow.

Give us grace, O divine Master, that we may so study Thy life, so seek to be conformed to Thine example, that we may steadily grow in the art of living.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?"

READ PROVERBS 10:14-24.

FEW men secure life's prizes. Balzac did. Born of the people, he climbed the steep path from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to fame, from failure to success. He did it before he was fifty. The toll was great. Living in destitution, he used more oil for his lamp than bread for his body. But with his days spent in an adjacent library, where he read incessantly, his nights in the chill chamber, where he wrote until the stars turned pale, he pursued his goal. He records, "Your brother is already living like the great, which is to say, he is starving." What price success?

Give us to set our hearts on the true riches, to gather treasure in heaven.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30

"BE NOT AS THE MULE."

READ PSALM 32.

IS THERE any connection between books and beasts? Well, start with the books. They stand unread on our shelves—Emerson, Lowell, Shakespeare, Milton, and Scott. We know there is wealth in those volumes, but we have no time to enrich ourselves. That is still truer of the Bible, and the glorious truths it contains about God and man. Now for the beasts. The dog in the home, the cattle in the barns, know absolutely nothing about spiritual things. They live as though the higher did not exist. Then is man, living in selfishness and sin, in total disregard of God, better than the beast?

So help us to live as Thy redeemed, so to avail ourselves of Thy bounty.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31

"WE SPEND OUR YEARS."

READ PSALM 90.

THOSE words are like a wizard's wand. They conjure up a desert encampment. The entire company is seated around the watchfire. The storyteller is relating some daring exploits of the past. He is the novelist, dramatist, and player of that day. But as he proceeds, look at his audience. His fingers play upon their emotions like a skilled harpist. They smile or frown as his mood suggests.

We can make life a superb narrative. It can prove heartening, ennobling, thrilling, as we unfold the plot, God's purpose.

Another year is passing into eternity. Pardon its sins, its mistakes, its failures. And so impart Thy grace that we may henceforth make life a story of surpassing worth. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR DECEMBER



Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.



DECEMBER 3

Spreading the Good News

MATT. CHAPTER 10
(Printed lesson, Matt. 10:24-39)

THE farther Jesus went in helpfully touching human beings, the more evident was the need of an enlargement in the process. Instead of continuing the prodigious task alone, the Master called His twelve disciples, gave them a commission as apostles (men sent forth), and bade them go in pairs to do the same kind of work as He was doing, and in which they had been witnesses and participants.

The Matthew passage (chapter 10) is not a unit, but contains two parts. Verses 5-15 present a charge which had to do with the present mission of the apostles. Verses 16-42 "consist of a collection of sayings bearing upon the treatment to be expected by the disciples as the price of loyalty to Jesus and the attitude to be adopted in the face of such treatment. Its tone and the circumstances reflected in it are wholly different from those of the earlier section. In the earlier passages no hint is given of persecution: in the later they are to look for hatred, suffering, and official persecution. (*Westminster Commentary.*)

Thus the passage which we study includes directions which refer to any period in which Christian witnesses are being arrested, tried before local courts, beaten as criminals; "when members of a family were lodging information with persecuting authorities against their nearest relatives." (*Bosworth, Life and Teachings of Jesus.*) In such a light do difficult expressions become clear.

One lesson is outstanding in the entire passage, and in almost every verse: *it is not an easy task in any period to represent the Lord Jesus Christ before the world.*

In His direct words Jesus did not promise reward for the service His disciples are called to render. It is implied in many of the statements, e.g., "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Then there was that great reward for them and for all disciples including those of our day, "Who shall acknowledge me before men, I will acknowledge him before my Father which is in heaven." While no disciple should work for reward, there is much satisfaction in meriting it and receiving it.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why did Jesus depend on human assistance to spread His message rather than on some supernatural arrangement?
2. What is the place of human testimony in the establishment of the Kingdom today?
3. What forms does persecution of Christians take in our day?

DECEMBER 10

Reactions to the Good News

MATTHEW, CHAPTERS 11, 12
(Printed lesson, Matt. 11:16-30)

CHAPTER 11 devotes most of its message to Messiah's rejection by the many, choice by the few. The generation in which Jesus and John the Baptist lived rejected both these prophets of God. Verses 16, 17 tell how "one set of children tries to induce another to join in its games; first proposing to play at festival, then at funeral, but winning no response from those whom they invite. Verse 18 explains that John and Jesus make each his own appeal to that generation, the one by aloofness and asceticism, the other by sharing in the joys and sorrows of common life: and the appeals of both are misinterpreted and rejected." (*Micklem, Commentary on Matthew.*) "These verses are aimed at the formalists among the Jews, and the Pharisees in particular. These are the children sitting in the market place and finding fault." (*Plummer.*)

The last sentence in verse 19 may be thus stated: Wisdom refers to the wisdom of God; her children are those who are divinely wise, or spiritually minded; to be justified is to be accounted righteous; therefore, those who are spiritually minded recognize and account as righteous the true wisdom of God, "both in the austerity of John and in the loving mercy of Jesus who condescends to eat with publicans and sinners."

In the next verses, 20-24, Jesus pronounced woes against the wicked but privileged cities, which also had a share in His rejection.

"*The Pearl of the Sayings of Jesus.*" This is the term sometimes used of verse 27, which brings out the divine inter-relation of Father and Son. Jesus not only knows God as Father of all men, but as particularly His own; God knows Jesus as Son as all men are sons, and especially as His particular Son.

Jesus, the Recourse of the Burdened. If Bible passages were being forcibly discarded, these three verses (28-30) would be among the last to be given up. The invitation was addressed first to those who felt the weight of Pharisaic rules arbitrarily imposed. Yet the words come as peculiarly welcome words in the ears of those who are burdened in any age, or for any cause.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Does our generation reject Jesus? If so, how?
2. How do you picture the yoke of Jesus?
3. How can you demonstrate that the burden of Jesus is light?

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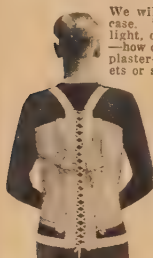
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DECEMBER 17

Parables of the Kingdom

MATT. 13:1-53

(Printed lesson, Matt. 13:3-8, 31-33, 44-46)

BEFORE studying the parables each class should try to arrive at some convictions, if not some definitions, about the Kingdom of God. Here are some sentences that may be used: "It is an order of life in this present world which corresponds to the ideals and character of Jesus. All that Jesus had to say about the way men ought to live must be included in our idea of what the kingdom of God is."

1. *Parable of the Sower.* This should more properly be called the parable of the four kinds of soil. Jesus has brought to the hearts of men the gospel of the Kingdom. Everything depends upon the soil into which the seed comes. The thorny ground, being already occupied, offers no real chance to new seed, however good. The good soil has three degrees of fruitfulness, even the poorest of them having a thirty-fold reproduction.

2. *Parable of the Tares.* Its purpose: to demonstrate that there comes a time when merit or demerit will be properly rewarded. The field is the world; the sower is the Son of Man; the good seed are good people; the tares are children of evil; the enemy is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

3. *Parable of the Mustard Seed,* to illustrate the small beginning, gradual increase, and immense development of the Kingdom of Heaven.

4. *Parable of the Leaven,* to indicate the gradual, but effective extension of the Kingdom. Leaven works by contact. Each particle of leaven works on the meal next to it, and these new leavened particles on those next beyond, until "it is all leavened." This is the line of succession in the Kingdom: Christ to the disciples, they to the early Christians, they to others one at a time, until the world is won.

5 and 6. *Parable of the Hidden Treasure* and *Parable of the Goodly Pearl.* "Each of us may ask these questions: 'What is the best thing in life which I can get? What is there which, if won, will make life a success, and, if lost, will make it a failure?' . . . The parables of the hidden treasure and the pearl of great price are Jesus' direct answer."

7. *Parable of the Fish Net.* This compares almost exactly with the parable of the tares but uses a new figure.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What power has any person to change the soil of his heart?
2. How does shallowness of life manifest itself today?
3. Is there more than one pearl of great price? How much must one sacrifice in order to attain?

DECEMBER 24

The Child and the Kingdom

MATT. 1:18-25; 18:1-14; 19:13-15

(Printed lesson, Matt. 1:18-25; 18:1-6; 19:13-15)

ON THE day before Christmas we will do well to review the beautiful and never-too-familiar details of the birth of

Christ. Matthew's brief passage is so simple, so natural, that to believe it is the easiest way to handle it. The fact of Mary's coming motherhood has three natural references: (1) the feelings of Joseph, who, as Mary's betrothed, was in the legal status of being her husband; (2) the divine explanation; (3) the connection with prophecy. By these few events Joseph was convinced of his place of privilege, and by their record believers of that day and ever since have had ample proof of the way God worked to accomplish His purpose of redeeming the race.

What is the Way to Greatness? From the birth of Jesus we turn to an incident in His adult life when He took another child and built about him one of His greatest lessons. A demonstration is always better than an address, and the child in the midst (18:2) is a demonstration of humility. Elsewhere (Mark 10:43-45) Jesus had stated that the determining mark for preference is service. While none the less true, that is not so easily comprehended as the example of a little child. There is here a reminder of the new birth described in John III. Certainly one who has been born again could have no better example for his life than an innocent, humble child.

Jesus said plainly that the way to greatness in the Kingdom of Heaven was not by seeking preferment. He regarded the seeking disciples as on the wrong track, for He said, "Except ye turn." He picked a child as an example of humility because childlike character is really Christlike character; each is "meek and lowly in heart," with a sense of dependence for everything upon a parent's wisdom and love. The attractiveness of such a character, whether in children or in adults, ought to be felt by every Christian. (Plummer.)

Jesus Shared with Children. The blessing of the little children (19:13-15) is one of the Bible's most natural and most beautiful pictures. How many children there were, or where they came from, we do not know. We know that artists have correctly pictured the spirit of this occasion by showing the children of the varied races of the world.

The objection of the disciples is easily understood. They meant to protect their leader, and did not see how He could accomplish His work if there were constant interruptions from the outside. Many a blessing has been warded off by unseeing efficiency. "Cease to forbid them," He said, "for the Kingdom of Heaven belongs to such as these." And if a child is a pattern for the adult, the Kingdom belongs to all who are like little children. "Love, simplicity of faith, innocence, and above all, humility, are the ideal characteristics of little children, and of the subjects of the kingdom." (Carr, *Commentary on Matthew*.)

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How do the several names given to Jesus in the Scripture explain His various offices in the divine plan?
2. What standards of greatness are most common today?
3. How are the sacred rights of childhood being violated in our day? Who is responsible for this?

Friends and Foes of the Kingdom

MATT. 13:54 to 16:12

(Printed lesson, Matt. 13:54 to 14:4; 15:29-31)

1. *A Prophet Without Honor.* The refusal of Jesus' own townspeople and those of His own household to grant Him recognition is one of the amazing things in the Gospels. In teaching, attention should rest on the following items: (1) Jesus went as a rabbi, and taught in the synagogue; (2) His teaching was admitted to be effective, with wisdom, and mighty works; (3) Jesus was called the carpenter's son; (4) His mother, brothers, sisters, were well known; (5) the townspeople showed passion and violence toward Him; (6) Jesus omitted mighty works in Nazareth.

Joseph was probably now dead. The brothers mentioned were very likely born to Joseph and Mary after the birth of Jesus. James in later years became the head of the church in Jerusalem, but of Joseph and Simon little is known. Judas was probably the Jude who wrote the epistle of that name.

2. *Opposition of the Government.* One cannot read the several accounts of the death of John the Baptist (Matt. 14:1-12; Mark 6:14-30; Luke 3:18-20) without being impressed with these points: (1) the vengeful fury of a wicked woman, Herodias; (2) the lustful, cruel acts of a selfish ruler; (3) the boldness of John in denouncing sin where he found it; (4) the gnawing conscience of a man who has grossly sinned.

Herod Antipas was ruler of the provinces of Galilee and Perea. When his wrath had turned against John it was easy for him to include Jesus also.

The Master did not foolishly defy those who opposed Him. If they did not want Him in Nazareth, there were other places where He could work. If Herod sought to kill Him, He would carry on the purposes of His ministry beyond the range of Herod's power.

3. *Thanks from the Common People.* While opposition arose in some quarters there was a wide flow of blessing reaching many individuals and groups. Matt. 15: 29-31 may be called a summary of healing works. These were performed among His own people, in the mountain country of Galilee, and without seeking on the part of Jesus.

At the same time, even though we do not know the details we may be sure that the great Physician followed His regular procedure. "He did not heal men in the mass; He gave special attention to each. It was exhausting labor; it demanded His thought, His faith, His deepest sympathies. It took time, keeping Him from other labors, and often from taking needed rest and food. He did not think of it simply as the curing of a disease, but as the helping and saving of men."

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What, to you, is the most meaningful phrase in the verses describing Jesus' visit to Nazareth (13:54-58)?

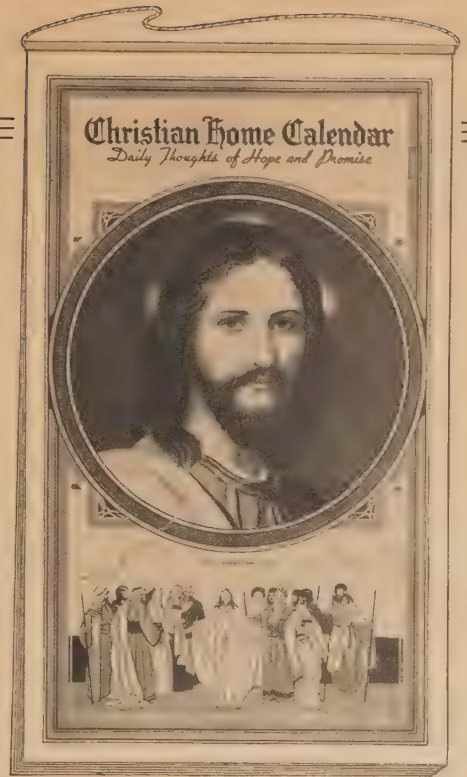
2. Does unbelief hinder mighty works today? If so, how?

3. Who are the foes of Christ's Kingdom today?

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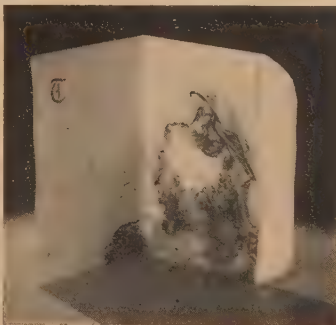
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There's Only One Dr. Sheldon

Kansas City, Missouri
Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the article by Charles M. Sheldon, entitled, "Prayer," in the November number of *Christian Herald*. I wonder why it is that more articles like Mr. Sheldon's don't appear in it?

John J. Snyder

Unfortunately, Mr. Snyder, there is only one Dr. Sheldon and we print practically everything he sends us. We wish there were a dozen like him.

A Fair Question

Jackson, Michigan
Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I have been a subscriber to *Christian Herald* for a number of years, and have enjoyed it very much.

May I ask a question? I confess I am a bit curious to know why the Hon. Frank Murphy's photo appears in the August number. This is not intended as a criticism, and I am not connected in any way with a political organization. I vote and try to serve the Lord.

Mrs. G. Bell

A very fair question. We ran a picture of the Hon. Frank Murphy because we think what he said about religion in the life of America was important (See August issue for quotation). We think that every prominent official of the government who publicly goes on record for the Lord should have his words broadcast to the world. But that doesn't mean we are asking you to vote for him or his political party.

We Just Had to Print This

Williamsville, N. Y.
Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I've often wanted to tell you what I think of *Christian Herald*, but have put it off, thinking I was too insignificant to mean much to you by my expression of appreciation or disapproval, either one. . . . I read the news in the daily papers; but for real true comments on the affairs of nations or individuals I wait for *Christian Herald's* opinions every time.

There! This isn't meant for publication. It is just between you and me.

M. L. V.

Your comment on the news is most helpful.

A day or so ago we were talking with the editor of one of the largest magazines in the country. He said "I never get over the thrill of read-

ing good letters from subscribers, no matter how many of them I get." Amen, brother!



The Prize Contest

MANY, many thanks to all those who entered the contest announced in the October issue. The final decision was a most difficult one.

Fortunate indeed are the magazine editors who can get so much help from the readers.

We received the greatest number of letters about the article "What Helped Me Most in the Bible." Peculiarly enough, this article had been scheduled every month for over a year, but we never seemed to be able to include it when the final form went to press.

It isn't ever easy to decide what a million readers will like, but the popularity of that article added at least one cubit to our judgment.

THIS LETTER WINS THE \$5.00

Editor, Christian Herald, Dear sir:

The article I enjoyed most in the October issue is "Restless Reformer" by Clarence W. Hall.

Not simply the subject, nor its timeliness, but the extremely clever writing appealed especially to me. The aptness of description in the modern streamlined phraseology gave pungent and humorous touches without weak sentiment—the best of modern art. The masculine way of presenting characterization and achievement makes the whole article strong and picturesque, and full justice is given the subject. The author writes that Miss Willard "could talk for hours without twanging a heart-string" and that "she could throw a phrase like a lariat." Just this quality of style makes the article enjoyable, lively, and replete with interest.

Sincerely yours,
Mabelle M. Boynton
Oneonta, New York

The Following Letter Also Deserves Special Mention:

Editor, Christian Herald, Dear sir:

The article I enjoyed most in your October issue is "Education Old and New."

Why? Much of my 79 years were spent in the school room—I studied the so-called "dead languages."

The writer prefers the "classical" course rather than an "elective" one. He reasons convincingly that the grammar of ancient languages, the logic of mathematics, the great classics of great thinkers, will combine to build intelligent men with clearer thinking and broader vision, than those who select an easier method.

George W. Cotton, Salem, Oregon

Big News for 1940

New York, N. Y.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Before sending in my subscription for 1940, I'd like to know what you are planning to do about that young people's page you've threatened us with so long. Miss Grace Hudson

Dear Mr. Maynard:

The more I think about our new idea for youth appeal, the better I like it. I've lined up about eight articles already (in my mind, I mean) and I know that I'll enjoy writing them.

Yours,
Margaret Sangster

Well, dear reader, that's the big news for 1940!

Margaret Sangster will conduct a department for Youth starting in the January issue. Out of her wealth of knowledge she will discuss the social and economic problems of today's young people. She will try to answer your questions. She has told us some of her plans and I'm not going to give them away, but we really believe it will be one of our most interesting and helpful features.

All the other regular departments and features will be continued. Also "From a Garden Note Book" by *Donald Kingery* which started in November. *Mrs. Morrow* will tell us each month of life in England. *Gabriel Courier* will bring us a résumé of the war and other news. *George Gilbert* will continue to write for us even after his great story is concluded. *Dr. Sheldon*, *Frank Mead*, *Clarence Hall*, *Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft*, *Charles Hanson Towne*, *Grace Noll Crowell*, *Dr. Ward*, will contribute regular articles or poems.

Richard Maxwell has agreed to send us articles more frequently. *Clementine Paddleford* will continue to help you with your food problems both at home and at church.

It would take more space than we can give to tell you of all the fine things that are already in the works. "Meet a Prohibitionist," "Hobbies That Help People," "We the Bewildered Old," "Religion in the Movies," "Running a Business with the Aid of Prayer" are only a few of the titles of forthcoming articles which you will not want to miss.

(Continued from page 41)

staff. He was a bitter opponent of liquor, yet so fair and personable that the boys in his fraternity who imbibed, admired him for his stand. After college, Frank married a girl who possessed a similar set of convictions, but lately something has happened. In the social columns of the paper we read where this couple has entertained with a cocktail party and their names appeared among the list of those who attended an especially elaborate one—on Christmas Eve, of all times. A two-year-old son has apparently not affected their routine. They belong to an aristocratic downtown city church and that has not cramped their style. The Protestant Church has, generally speaking, been against liquor but its ammunition has gotten a bit damp. In the choir of one such denomination I count three who do not drink—in another five out of twenty. The official family of another group consists of six who would refuse liquor in any form and fifteen who would conform to custom without batting an eye. Nothing is more pleasing to the heavy drinker than this lack of unanimity within the Church.

Drinking appears to have reduced people to a common denominator. It brings together into intimate gatherings those whose ideals otherwise are as far apart as the two poles. That, it may appear, is the nice thing about drinking. It makes folks forget themselves. And of course it does. Even moderate drinking seems to do that. Last fall the residents of an Eastern Ohio city were aghast over the horrible result of "two or three eggnogs and a beer" circulating inside a socially prominent nineteen-year-old girl, who shot and killed her own mother. She was exonerated and in anguish the girl cried out, "I never want to see a revolver again." Of course there was no reference to the cause of the accident in her outburst, although she confessed to the coroner that the mixture mentioned above was the reason for her loss of senses. The lesson had not been learned. The girl's father is still living. She may get a shot at him later!

If we who believe that liquor ought to be banned from society once and for all are crying at an imaginary evil, let the Church and all who profess to be followers of the Man of Galilee, break down and wish the liquor-likers joy and happiness. If on the other hand there is still the same evidence to discredit liquor that there was before the days of the Eighteenth Amendment; and if, especially in this day of fast travel, the drinker is a menace to society, let's stand on our principles. Thus far we are being unmercifully whipped. Every day, total abstainers of long standing are passing into Group Three and many of those will pass on to Group One, the anything-and-anytime crowd. Many such, keep one foot in the Church simply because it is not stepped on and also because it provides a sort of holy cleavage to those in public life as well as a narcotic to the consciences of those who drink.

Lines must form again on the liquor question. The straddlers must be smoked out. There is only one consistent position to assume in this conflict—you are either for or against. A moderate attitude is like moderate drinking which in turn is like moderate drowning.

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NEXT MONTH

Hobbies That Help People

By Richard Maxwell



We, the Bewildered Old

By Anna French Johnson



If I Were Back Again

By Charles M. Sheldon



Also articles by Richard Baker, Margaret Sangster, Honoré Morrow, George B. Gilbert, and all the regular features.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Of Course—

"I've just bought a new car—a five-wheeled one."

"Five-wheeled? What's the fifth wheel for?"

"To steer with, you boob."

—Exchange.

I'll Say They Are Fresh

"Are these chickens freshly killed?"

"Fresh killed, lady? Why, artificial respiration would bring 'em round again!"

—Exchange.

Lie Detector

"Have you seen one of those instruments which can tell when a man is lying?"

"Seen one? I married one!"

—Mentholology.

Absolutely Unavoidable

Pullman Passenger—"Can I get on No. 2 before it starts?"

Porter—"You'll have to, madam."

—Advocate.

Cold Storage

Waiter: "These are the best eggs we have had for years."

Diner: "Well, bring me some you haven't had so long."

—Pepper Box.

Thought It Was Something Important

"Mr. Jenkins, I have been coming to see your daughter every night for fifteen years."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Why, I want to marry her."

"Is that all? I thought you wanted a pension or something."

—Exchange.

Couldn't Help It

"So your name is George Washington?" the old lady asked the small colored boy.

"Yessum."

"And you try to be exactly like him, or as nearly as possible?"

"Lak who?"

"Why, like George Washington."

"Ah kaint he'p bein' lak Jawg Washington, 'cause dat's who ah is."

—Worcester Evening Gazette.

Rare Treasure

A well-known analyst of retail sales points out that women spend 85 cents of every dollar. Such a wife is a jewel. So many spend \$1.37.

—Mentholology.

Sure Sign of Plenty

Hostess: "Did you have enough to eat?"

Small Boy: "Yes ma'am. Didn't you see my mother look at me?"

—Monitor.

Phonetically Right, Anyway

Doctor (after bringing victim to): "How did you happen to take that poison? Didn't you read the sign on the bottle? It said 'Poison.'"

Ebenezer: "Yassah, but Ah didn't pay no attention!"

Doctor: "Why not?"

Ebenezer: "'Cause right underneaf dat it said, 'Lye.'"

—Kablegrams.

To Be

"I'd like to be a could-be

If I could not be an are,

For a could-be is a may-be

With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a has-been

Than a might-have-been, by far,

For a might-have-been has never been,

But a has-been was an are."

—Kablegrams.

Healthful Life

A nice old gentleman of seventy-five or so went to a physician and requested a general checking-up as to the state of his health.

After looking him over thoroughly, the doctor smilingly reported that everything was fine and shipshape. "Tell me," he asked the old man, as he pocketed his fee, "have you followed any regular regime which would account for your excellent physical condition?"

"Well, it's this way," his patient replied.

"When I was married some fifty years ago I entered into an agreement with my wife that whenever I lost my temper and began to blow off, she was to remain silent. When she, on the other hand, lost her temper, I agreed to leave the house. So for over fifty years I have enjoyed a fine outdoor life, which no doubt accounts for my present condition."

—Exchange.

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BELOW are the names of some of the most distinguished American families. Our research staff has, over a period of years, completed manuscript histories of each of these families. If your surname is listed, you should have your manuscript. We believe you will find it not only of keen interest, but a source of pride and satisfaction for yourself and your kinsmen.

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See? I always said Pillsbury's BEST!



Don't take our word for it. Don't take anybody's word for it. You owe it to yourself to try this flour...and find out for yourself why millions of women prefer it!

It's easy to talk about quality — about improvements in your baking. It's another thing to *prove* them. That's exactly what we're asking you to do — for your own sake. Get a bag of Pillsbury's Best, and do four things:

- (1) Bake biscuits with it. Notice the richer, golden brown of the outside, and the smooth, creamy white of the inside. *And notice the flavor!*
- (2) Bake a pie — and ask yourself if you've ever tasted anything so tender and flaky.
- (3) Bake a cake. First, *taste* it. Notice the richer, fuller flavor. Then put it away — and see how much longer it stays fresh.
- (4) Bake bread. Notice the beautiful crust color, the even, delicate texture. And again, notice that rich, wheaty flavor!



It costs about $\frac{1}{2}c$ more per recipe to use Pillsbury's Best than to use a cheap flour. But when you think of the cost of the other ingredients — when you think of the work and loving care you put into your baking — isn't it worth $\frac{1}{2}c$ more to make sure that every one of your bakings will be just the finest that it can be? Try Pillsbury's Best and see — for YOURSELF!

PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR



Couldn't Keep House Without It!

I have used Pillsbury's Best Flour for about 22 years, and I couldn't keep house without it, for I know my baking would be a failure. I bake about 20 loaves of bread and about 4 to 5 dozen buns a week, and my bread is so good to look at, but when you eat it, it is better, and I can't praise Pillsbury's Best Flour enough.

Mrs. Don Sonney
R.F.D. 6, Erie, Pennsylvania

Took Her Mother's Advice, Wins Prizes!

My mother has been a user of Pillsbury's Best Flour for 23 years. She is known for her good bread and other baking and takes many prizes at the fairs... I am 16 years old and plan to be a Home Economics teacher, if I can work my way through college. Last year I won first in county demonstrating shortcake, and first in county demonstrating angel food cake. This year I won first in the State Fair in Milwaukee, demonstrated angel food cake and won there, which made me 'State Champion Demonstrator.'



Miss Virginia Jacobson
Route 1, Viroqua, Wisconsin



Can't Afford Baking Failures!

I have quite a big family and have to budget my money the best I can and still set a good table, and therefore can't afford any failure in my baking, of which I do a lot. I don't ever have to be afraid of failures or ashamed of any of my baking, because Pillsbury's Best, the best flour money can buy, doesn't fail me.

Mrs. George Campbell
106-20 Roscoe Street, Jamaica, New York

Pillsbury's
FARINA



Pillsbury's
PANCAKE FLOUR



Pillsbury's
BUCKWHEAT
PANCAKE FLOUR



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